

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954



more GORE score

BRAVE NEW HORRORS

chas. baiun

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GRBG GOODSSELL, a professional writer, typeset this book, utilizing the Pagemaker 4.0 and WriteNow! 2.0 systems, with or without the knowledge and/or consent of the masters of his current daytime gigs. In addition to typesetting and writing for numerous *Deep Red* projects, he has written countless articles in many national and international genre publications . . . *look for them!*

Manufactured in the United States of America

more GORE score

BRAVE NEW HORRORS

chas. balun

FANTASY
BOOKS

Other books by Chas. Balun

*The Connoisseur's Guide to the
Contemporary Horror Film*

The Gore Score

Horror Holocaust

The Deep Red Horror Handbook (Editor)

Ninth and Hell Street (novel)

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For the fans. . .

**MORE
GORE
SCORE**
CHAS. BALUN

INTRODUCTION

The original *Gore Score* was a very modest, self-published little booklet that was all of 32 pages long and just a couple hundred copies strong when the first edition was printed back in 1985. I regularly reprinted it, but in very limited quantities until FantaCo Enterprises "officially" published a revised and updated edition in the summer of 1987. The spirit of the *Gore Score* lived on through various issues and incarnations of *Deep Red* magazine and another updated version of it appeared as part of the *Deep Red Horror Handbook* in 1989. I had initially resisted the idea of another *Gore Score* book because it seemed to smack of "sequelitis" - and my thoughts on that topic are well-documented. However, given the parameters of a movie guide book, periodic updatings are crucial to the relevance and viability of such a publication. Because of the tremendous outpouring of genre films during the 80s and the accompanying explosion of the ancillary markets (video, cable, pay-per-view, foreign markets, TV, laser disc, etc.) that hungrily demanded new product, a review book would be perilously outdated and hundreds of films behind the time in just a couple of years.

More Gore Score is an attempt to remedy that predicament as well as provide me with the proper justification for sitting through hundreds upon hundreds of hours bearing witness to a plethora of monsters, zombies, cannibals, aliens and psychotics ripping the living shit out of thousands of hapless souls. Hey, don't get me wrong - I *dug* it. It's not the kind of job you bitch about ; lots of folks really *work* for a living. I'm getting to do essentially the same thing now that I've done since I was a kid - watch monster movies 'til I puke and then tell all my friends about 'em. It's in the blood, I guess.

More Gore Score (at least it's not *GS 2* or *Revenge of* or *Son of*) contains all new, never-before-published reviews of movies released since 1989 as well as any film I may have missed during the early 80s. Although this edition carries an index listing title, rating and Gore Score of films previously reviewed, it is advisable to use this book in conjunction with the *Deep Red Horror Handbook* for maximum effectiveness.

Since the original *Gore Score* came with the subtitle, "Ultraviolent Horror in the 80s," it became necessary to allow for a broader, more comprehensive scope if the book were to remain a viable aid in one's search for The Ultimate Chunkblower. But precisely because of its title and the inclusion of a specific rating for the wet stuff, the *Gore Score* has taken a little critical flak (especially in the foreign press) for dwelling on the sauce instead of the substance. My reply is generally along the lines of *fuck it* - my life was forever changed when that 14" splinter entered that eyeball in Fulci's *Zombie* over a decade ago and I owe no apologies for it, either. If some wags think that crowing about such low-brow, gratuitous gorefests as *Dr. Butcher, M.D.*, *Burial Ground* or *Dawn of the Mummy* I am somehow denigrating the "serious" study of genre output - well, then, they can take Joe Pilato's advice in *Day of the Dead* as he's being ripped in half by ravenous zombies and "... Choke on it."

At the beginning of the last decade of the 20th Century most genre pundits have already buried the gore film. "It's dead," they say, "nobody's buying" anymore. They may be right, too. And it's no longer a case of censorship and a struggle for an MPAA-approved rating, but rather the film-makers' willingness to "tone it down" or "tidy it up" for mass consumption and perhaps retain a chance that they'll still be around for a piece of Part 2 or 3 or . . . Despite the

implementing of a new, adults-only rating (NC-17), very few films venture into that formerly forbidden territory and the majority of horror films are still delivered with a contractually-stipulated "R" rating. Not only have horror films become relatively gutless and reactionary, but they're also a lot less scary, too. After the genre had cannibalized itself in the 80s and regurgitated an endless stream of teenkill epics, *Allen* knock-offs and serial-killing spectacles, the 90s have already displayed an indication of the timidity of the times to come. Although people still insist they were shocked and horrified by the explicit gruesomeness allegedly seen in *The Silence of the Lambs*, the film's most truly shocking scene had Jody Foster get plunked in the head with spunk and not splatter. And judging by the box office success of such mainstream thrillers as *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*, it might be safely conjectured that the 90s, in reflecting the mood of the times, may well become clean, sober and sauceless.

The gore film may be down . . . but it's certainly not out. Because the horror genre has a notorious and time-proven reputation for repetition, revival, and recycling, what was once scorned often becomes celebrated again, and sometimes, all within the same decade. Hopefully, *More Gore Score* will provide a helpful overview of a genre caught once again in the tumultuous throes of revolution and regeneration. Regardless of the newest trends that may develop throughout the 90s, the horror film will persevere and retain its bite well into the 21st Century . . . and beyond. It seems we never tire of being terrified, titillated or torn asunder by the various beasts and demons that lurk in the shadowy recesses of rational thought where the light of reason is held momentarily at bay while we worship once again at the altar of fear.

But for now, let's get wet!

CHAS. BALUN

MORE GORE SCORE

RATING SYSTEM



Bow-wow



Poor



Fair



Above average



Classic, Must See

Besides employing the customary and time-tested one-to-four skull rating system in assessing the relative merits of each film, a second numerical rating has been added to supply further information for discerning splatter scholars. The numerical appraisal, based on a scale from one to ten, deals with elements totally unrelated to whatever artistic or aesthetic virtues the film may possess.

The GORE SCORE concerns itself with nothing but the quantity of blood, brains, guts, slime, snot, spunk, puke or other assorted precious bodily fluids spilled, slopped or splattered during the course of the film. A simple, straight-forward indication of just how moist and meaty the movie really is.

Like this . . .



**E.T., DRIVING MISS DAISY,
WILLOW, THREE MEN AND A
BABY**



**DR. BUTCHER, M.D., MAKE
THEM DIE SLOWLY, BAD
TASTE, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**

Hopefully, then, this dual-rating system will provide more of the "essential" information for both the serious, reflective student of contemporary horror as well as the totally indiscriminating, blood-thirsty, sociopathic gorehound.

I know which drawer I fall into. That's why I thought the splatter rating was of such fundamental importance.

THE ABOMINATION (1988)

d: Max Raven



There is more gore in the pre-credit sequence than you're likely to see in a year's worth of genre offerings; but unfortunately, there's simply no reason to sit through the last seventy-five minutes once you've seen the first ninety seconds.

The film looks like it's been shot silent, in Super 8, with dialog and sound added awkwardly later; and it never fails to appear as anything other than some fans running around with cameras and blood tubing, desperately attempting to fill in the frames between chunkblowing sequences. A 3,000-year-old Bible prophecy (yesh, right) somehow figures into things once a hyper-ventilating religious fanatic barfs up a turd-like tumor that crawls into her son's mouth and makes him kill girls. There is a really stupid-looking monster that hides in cupboards and washing machines and is

fed by pitchfork from a washtub filled with intestines.

If you're totally indiscriminating, have lots of time on your hands, or if cough syrup and percodans are your drugs of choice, then this is the perfect compliment to *Cannibal Campout* for your next double-bill.

AFTER MIDNIGHT (1989)

d: Jim and Ken Wheat



College prof plays mindfucking games with his incredulous students in a revolutionary new class on "The Psychology of Fear" and it costs him - big time. This impressive, unheralded little thriller starts off like gangbusters then makes a rather unexpected turn into Anthology Land, where we've suddenly confronted with three different versions of someone's absolute worst fears. One story involves a bizarre birthday party with a cruelly twisted decapitation; another has killer dogs biting bimbo butt; and the last stars Marge (China

Beach) Helgeland as a telephone operator stalked by an especially clever strangler. Features a cool, axe-wielding toasted skeleton and a frightfully intense burn gag that'll kick the wind right out of you. Unfortunately, there are one too many dream sequences and it ends on a patently false note but it's still the most fiendishly cunning, low budget anthology since *The Offspring*.

Directed by the brother team that co-scripted *The Fly II*.

ALLIGATOR 2: THE MUTATION (1991)

d: Jon Hess



4

Possessing absolutely none of the charm, wit or freshness of the original, this perfunctory outing boasts lots of recognizable faces (Dee Wallace, Steve Railsback, Joseph Bologna and Richard Lynch) who spend most of their screen time sitting around yapping about the Big Bite while a disinterested jumbogator does the Sewer Shuffle. Lynch is a reptile rasser who learns first-hand just how varied a diet an eight ton *el lagarto mississippiensis* really enjoys.

ARACHNOPHOBIA (1990)

d: Frank Marshall



3

Tepid, wimpy spider saga gutlessly directed by an in-house Spielbergian butt kisser who certainly knows how to do it... but only by-the-numbers. This self-proclaimed "thrill-omedy" (just typing that makes ya wanna hurl) is rarely exciting, never menacing and about as much fun as chewing moth cocoons.

**"We never tell anybody
what to cut."**

- Jack Valenti

BAD TASTE (1989)

d: Peter Jackson



10

Jackson's goofy, gory, gut-busting splatter comedy is somehow always overlooked as the genuine cult classic it has become. This is unfettered brilliance-on-a-budget (with Jackson playing numerous parts, engineering the FX, etc.). Any film featuring a hero with leaking brains belted into his cabeza sliding triumphantly out an alien's ass while clutching a buzzing chainsaw should be worshipped, memorialized and time-capsulized by discerning, classically-trained gorchounds everywhere. And I mean it.

BEYOND THE DOOR III (1991)

d: Jeff Kwitny



5

A dwarf, a virgin, an old hag and the inimitable Bo Svenson as a Serbo-Croatian professor are involved in an arcane Baltic rite apparently designed to make you rip the hair right out of your skull and bray like a banshee by the second reel. As modern tradition now dictates, this clunker has absolutely nothing to do with previous entries in the series, but to be perfectly honest, it does feature numerous doors and is most certainly above and beyond serious discussion.

A possessed runaway train with a bunch of snotty kids aboard blazes across the Yugoslavian countryside, ripping through swamps, fields and towns with evil abandon until it collides with another miniature train and goes boom. Healthy body count here, but none of the *Omen*-styled demises are too messy as all the gore FX are only glimpsed subliminally. The ending (yep, I'm going to spoil it for you) has the main character wake up

from a dream - she imagined the whole fuckin' thing!

Beyond the Bore is more like it.

THE BLACK CAT (1981)

d: Lucio Fulci



Fulci does Poe (sort of) in this undistinguished potboiler that features the most maddening use of the extreme close-up since John and Yoko's in-your-face Butt Movies back in the 70s. Besides the requisite *schlock* hellspawn, Fulci adds a tangential sub-plot about a researcher attempting to contact his dead wife via electronic vibrations, but neither track hits paydirt. If you can't find a letterboxed print of this film, you're left with an infuriating array of one-eyed, half-nosed tight close-ups that'll drive you up the wall faster than you can say Jess Franco and the Zoom from Hell.

**"We were indicted . . .
People thought we
were using real dogs.
which is unthinkable.
I love dogs!"**

- Lucio Fulci

BLACK VAMPIRE (1988)

d: H. Novikov



The late Duane (*Night of the Living Dead*) Jones headlines an all-Black cast in this patently weird, mondo bizarre blood-sucking saga that is either an unheralded surreal classic of minimalist cinema or else a film that may actually be nothing more than an unfinished rough cut. There is a clumsy, awkward voice-over; plenty of bad poetry; inexplicable jump cuts that seem to eliminate entire scenes; and l-o-n-g, pregnant pauses with no dialog, action, sound or music.

Jones plays a suave university professor doing research on an ancient cult addicted to blood who were wiped out by a plague of pernicious anemia. Wait! There's more. The queen was a raving junkie who regularly bled her slaves to death because she believed the sauce led to salvation and immortality. Jones gets a little first-hand, personal experience of ecstatic exsanguination when he pricks his finger on a ceremonial dagger and finds himself craving the red stuff by the quart. When his research assistant buys the farm, he drains the body and puts everything into cold storage until the next full moon gets him hankerin' for the hemoglobin again. Eventually overcome by guilt, he invites Jesus into his heart, attends a revival meeting and then runs through a field of flowers in slow motion with a goofy grin on his face. But before he sees the light and goes doofus on us, Jones gets in his licks: he fucks the babes, sucks the sauce, kung-fus the foo's and gets to recite lines like "Blood has a dreadful connotation . . . like a passion for soiled underwear or urine."

Amen, bro'. Rest in Peace.

A BLADE IN THE DARK (1983)

d: Lamberto Bava



Effective, highly watchable but also thoroughly derivative, this early effort by the director of *Demons* remains reasonably suspenseful and compelling despite the clumsy dubbing and painfully inane dialog.

A composer retires to a large, isolated villa to prepare a score for a new giallo thriller just as an X-acto knife killer begins a bloody rampage in and around the spacious estate. Argento-inspired terror set-pieces include one particularly vicious murder that shows a woman's hand being knifed to a



Body Parts

markedly tame and judicious considering the mean-spirited oeuvre of its director (*Cannibal Holocaust*, *House on the Edge of the Park*). Besides the serpentine camerawork and the rockin' score provided by Claudio Simonetti, this inconsequential, by-the-numbers slice 'n' dicer is notable only for its casting: a mellow, gray-at-the-temple David (*Last House On the Left*) Hess; Mimsy (*Four Flies On Gray Velvet*) Farmer, and Charles Napier - all of whom speak perfectly flawless Italian in the import disc version entitled *Camping del Terrore*.

BODY PARTS (1991)

d: Eric Red



Writer/director Eric Red has displayed an enviable savvy on previous features (*Near Dark*, *The Huncher*), but this \$11 million pastiche of *The Hands of Orlac* and *The Brain That Wouldn't Die* is somehow less than the sum of its title.

Jeff Fahey is well cast as a psychologist who receives the grafted arm of a serial killer after he loses his arm in a terrifyingly staged, all-too-real auto accident. (You'll buckle up on the way home, too. Believe me.) Soon, our mild-mannered yuppie shrink is choking his wife, bashing his kids around and wondering aloud if evil does, indeed, inhabit the flesh. Lots of questions arise but few are answered, even during the film's somewhat preposterous climax in a medical research lab that's being operated as a warehouse for spare parts.

Gordon Smith, FX artist on both *Near Dark* and *Jacob's Ladder*, provides the film with its one sublime moment of pure horror - an unsettling, eye-popping look inside a refrigerated locker that houses a swarm of twitching, animated limbs awaiting transplantation.

BURIED ALIVE (1990)

d: Frank Darabont



Timid, no-frills yarn about two lovers (Jennifer Jason Leigh and William Atherton) who conspire to kill her husband in order to collect on an inheritance and real estate scam. They dose him with a toxin extracted from fish pussy but neglect to administer a lethal amount. The husband (Tim Matheson) later awakens inside his coffin; and, fortunately for him, it's made of 2-ply cardboard and only buried about 18" deep, so we're spared agonizing minutes of feverish scratching and moaning and he's out of there before you can say "rigor mortis." Though it plays like a lost tale from *Creepshow 2* that has been mercilessly padded out to feature length, it still contains enough clever plot twists to make it marginally enjoyable.

"Is it right to be obsessed with looking at terrible things and sharing them with other people . . . ?"
- Dario Argento

**CANNIBAL
APOCALYPSE (1980)**
d: Antonio Margheriti



Frequently dismissed by most critics and rarely seen completely uncut, this mega-titled (aka *The Cannibals Are In the Streets*, *The Slaughterers*, *Invasion of the Flesh Hunters*, etc.) splatter platter offers a disarming slate of Gianetto DeRossi FX; heroics and kick-ass macho bravado from lantern-jawed John Saxon; and another all-star performance by John Morghen, arguably the most abused man in the contemporary horror film.

Both Saxon and Morghen return from combat duty in Vietnam with a cannibal virus and run amok in Atlanta, Georgia before being cornered in a sewer showdown that quickly raises the stakes in the Grand Guignol department. In a sequence radically truncated in the Stateside release of the "R" rated *Flesh Hunters*, Morghen gets a bowling ball-sized hole blown through his chest; and as the camera lovingly pans up and down the massive wound, the police are seen running up from behind the pulverized corpse. Besides the outrageous gore (including a nasty tongue-biting incident and an over-the-top bone saw scuffle) and frisky action set-pieces, the film also relies on the believable relationship between Saxon and his wife to distinguish it from the rest of the exploitation pack. The couple's final, blood-soaked embrace is actually rather touching.



Cast A Deadly Spell

All Deadly Spell makeup FX created at Tony Gardner's Altman Studios.



*FX man Bruce Spaulding Fuller and stuntman Orwin Harvey get wet for *Cast A Deadly Spell**

CAST A DEADLY SPELL (1991)

d: Martin Campbell



The ever-amiable Fred Ward is H. Phillips Lovecraft, an L.A. private investigator (you were expecting maybe... something else?) hired to track down the famed Mother of All Dead Books, the *Necronomicon*, in this noirish, 40s-styled oddity that simply oozes period ambience from nearly every frame. The film is all over the place, though, and it never really commits to any of the horror-detective-fantasy-comedy-monster-action themes it has unleashed.

Hi-tech, state-of-the-art beasties provided by Tony Gardner's Alerian Studios (and ol' pal Bruce Spaulding Fuller).

THESE FILMS WERE CHOSEN BY THE AUDIENCE FOR THE 1991 FANTASY FILM AWARDS

"We went to the butcher's and got livers, kidneys and lamb's brains - disgusting things. I can't imagine why anyone would want to eat them - they're horrible."

- Peter Jackson

THESE FILMS WERE CHOSEN BY THE AUDIENCE FOR THE 1991 FANTASY FILM AWARDS

CENTPEDE HORROR (1989)

d: Keith Li



Another of those Asian geek-show gross-outs, this one really delivers the groceries (and then some) with some of the most funkadelic bug action seen this side of the Great Wall. Again, FX are used sparingly; there's

still plenty of willing Chinese chumpmeisters who'll put anything in their mouth for the sake of the craft. Undeniable highlights include: a bloody, freshly-barfed bunch of huge, black scorpions; centipede-scarfing; and a crack legion of burning, re-animated chicken skeletons that fly, dive-bomb and do precision maneuvers on command from a witch doctor.

Truly, Art of the Highest Order.

THE CHAIR (1991)

d: Waldemar Korzeniowski



In yet another irksome, back-from-the-death-chamber yawner, a fat, dead James Coco is a New Age doctor treating criminal psychopaths at an experimental prison. The warden is tormented by hallucinatory flashbacks because he let his former boss get toasted by rampaging inmates years before.

Hideous horror-comedy isn't helped by the grade Z opticals and makeup FX and the not-so-shocking finale doesn't pack enough power to run a waffle iron. Stephen Geoffreys, squirrely-nerd anti-hero from *Fright Night* and *976-Evil*, plays his insect doppelganger persona here - "Roach," a mono-syllabic, whiny doofus who helps redefine "hard time."

Painful viewing on all counts.

CHILD'S PLAY 2 (1990)

d: John Lafia



There's no doubt that this is one sharp looking film and it appears that no expense was spared. The set direction and production design is impeccable. Kevin Yagher's deranged doll is fuckin' amazing and the spectacular finale takes place in a huge, functioning factory that looks copped from,

蜈蚣咒

李殿朗
苗僑偉

何裕蓮

陳曙光

何健華
黃淑儀

陳百祥



Big Bad Bionanza—Centipede Horror

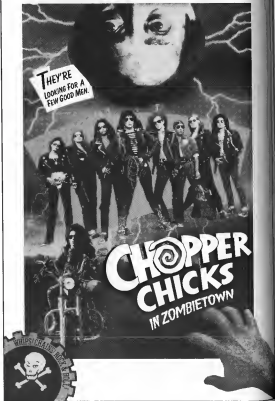
ADRIAN PAUL PHOTOGRAPHY; STYLING: JANE WILSON; MAKEUP: JANE WILSON; HAIR: JANE WILSON

a Spielberg/Lucas movie. Which is, of course, not to say it doesn't bite dick splinters (which it does), but merely to point out the relative high points of this cliché-heavy, bombastic, knee-jerk trifle that simply goes where the little Woodman has already been.

The super-chunky, splatery climax ultimately earns the film a well-deserved half-noggin.

"Last House on the Left was very gross: It had everything, including a disemboweling. (Now) I try to attain an impact without . . . the gory things."

- Wes Craven



CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT (1991)

d: Tony Randel



Annoying vampire yarn brought to you by the folks at *Fangoria* magazine, who, as a bastion for horror hipsterism for the last decade, should've smelled this dead rat of a movie way back in the scripting stage. Can any film survive the casting of *Saturday Night Live* has-been Garrett Morris, a *Monkees*' progeny, Dom DeLuise's son and a disinterested Karen Black? You'll find the answer here. KNB's exemplary FX and inventive transformations don't help much this time - the movie's strictly DOA.

CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN (1991)

d: Dan Hoskins



Here is a distaff *Wild Angels* meets *Return of the Living Dead* as the Cycle Sluts roar into a two-bit desert town looking for a few good men. They find 'em, too . . . but they're dead. Jokey, too-hip attitude doesn't sustain the action beyond the first reel, but Don Calfa, the mortician from *Return*, is on hand to trick you into believing you're watching a real movie.

A whiff or two above the usual Troma aroma.

"I guess in my pictures, you're either doomed or you've got your self a hell of a job."

- George Romero

THE CHURCH (1990)

d: Michele Soavi



Classy supernatural thriller co-written and produced by Dario Argento was originally intended as part of the *Demons* trilogy but Lamberto Bava beat 'em to the punch when he released *The Ogre* (subtitled *Demons 3*).

Since the *Demons* Mythos demands that cast members be trapped in a large building, a towering Gothic cathedral built upon a mass grave of suspected devil worshippers slain during the Middle Ages silently obliges the filmmakers' conceits. What has become a rather predictable scenario has been hot-wired by Soavi into a dizzying, beautiful, and satisfying chiller that solidly reaffirms the promise shown in early works like *The Horror World of Dario Argento* and *Stage Fright*.

Uncut print features great (and gory) FX work by Sergio Stivaletti.

CLASS OF 1999 (1991)

d: Mark Lester



When violence and youth gangs threaten to close the city's schools, robot teachers show up at Kennedy High, located in a nightmarish shithole that even the police won't enter. Well cast with genre vets John Ryan, Stacy Keach, Malcolm McDowell and the sizzling Pam Grier (as an exploding robot Terminatrix), this clever, witty and very violent follow-up to Lester's own *Class of 1984* is jam-packed with car crashes, explosions, meltdowns, and some pretty darned spectacular mechanical and makeup FX.

Almost makes you rethink your stand on sequels.

Der neueste Grusel-Schocker von DARIO ARGENTO



The Church

CONTON (1990)



A young model-monster maker is beset by hallucinatory visages of a stalking beast in this solidly entertaining, evocative Japanese effort that,

quite handily, manages to put all the fun right back into the creature feature. Nifty FX too, including: a choice transformation; a beef-beastie; gratuitous splatter; gut-slinging; and tender teen-age love.

Kinda makes ya misty.

"I love horror films - grew up with 'em. All kinds: Sci-Fi aliens, psycho trips, demon stuff . . . the disgusting, putrescent things from out of the ground. You know; the gore the merrier."
- Scott Spiegel

CRITTERS 3 (1991)

d: Kristine Peterson



Those fuckin' lame-butts at New Line just won't quit - here's yet another unnecessary, unwelcome and irritating sequel (reportedly shot back-to-back with Part 4) that looks the genre equivalent of a low-rent Diet Pepsi commercial.

Scripted by Splatmeister General David J. Schow (hope the money was *real* good) and again featuring the creature FX of the Chiodo Brothers, this critter-shitter bites hind weenie without apology.

CURSE III: BLOOD SACRIFICE (1991)

d: Sean Barton



When an East African blood rite is interrupted by skitish whites, the witch doctor curses the interlopers to be harassed by a machete-wielding, fish-headed mutation (by Chris Walas and looking suspiciously like the finny freak in *Screamers*).

Christopher Lee, appearing quite elegant and debonair, plays a doctor who collects tribal artifacts and is privy to the secret behind The Gilled One With the Big Blade.

And again, following strict modern guidelines, this sequel has absolutely *nothing* to do with (and just as well) either of its forebears.

CURSE OF THE SCREAMING DEAD (1982)

d: Tony Malakowski



In the early 1980's, during a time when lawyers, dentists, accountants or just anybody with a few thousand bucks and a tax loophole to plug were all running around with their friends on weekends making "splatter movies," they usually turned out just like this one. Distinguished only by having perhaps the most annoying soundtrack in zombie film history, this micro-budgeted backyard flick succeeds only in asserting itself as the *Plan 9 from Outer Space* of living dead lore.

When a vanful of monosyllabic, beer-swilling chumps meet a camperful of butt-ugly broads on an overnight hike, they party themselves right into zombie chow when they desecrate an old Civil War graveyard holding the remains of a slaughtered troop of Union ghouls. In whiteface with blackened eyes or wearing silly rubber Halloween masks, these amazingly clean, rot-free dead guys chase the campers around for awhile and finally eat one of 'em in a major, extended munchout that finally shows some guts.

Although directed by a somber tide card warning squeamish viewers about dangerous levels of explicit and gruesome violence, the film is relatively moisture-free until the last few moments.

"It's the fear . . . the greatest rush in the world."

- Killer in Fear

THE DEAD COME HOME (1989)

d: J. Riffel



Two carloads of disposable victim-types arrive at a rundown estate and are trapped within by a vengeful old bat and her daughter formerly believed dead and buried for over 40 years. In between some pretty brain-shrveling dialog and lots of walking around (it's a three story joint) there are numerous gory murders committed by the cackling old biddy (actually a guy in old age makeup) before her victims inexplicably come back to life as wise-assed zombies. The FX by Bruce Spaulding Fuller and crew are plentiful and gory: one guy is crucified; another is cut in half; and several more are dismembered before the homicidal hag is finally dispatched by axe. Most scenes are generously padded and go on endlessly; but little sauce is spared, so at least there's a reason for the ride.

(aka *Dead Dudes In the House*.)

DEAD END DRIVE-IN (1986)

d: Brian Trenchard-Smith



In the not-too-pleasant future, hoodlums run amok while the government-run, drive-in penal colonies administer to other marginally criminal youths with a steady diet of bad movies, music and junk food. The thick Aussie accents sometimes need subtitles, but the *Mad Max*-inspired vehicular mayhem provides a winning distraction in this intercontinental melding of *A Clockwork Orange* and *American Graffiti*.

**"For dead people, they
sure are smart."
- Character in *Dead Pit***

THE DEAD NEXT DOOR (1991)

d: J. R. Bookwalter



Rumored to be the most expensive Super 8 feature ever made (close to \$100,000) and clandestinely co-produced by *Evil Dead* auteur Sam Raimi over a period of five years, this likeable, ingratiating fan-boy tribute to *Dawn of the Dead* includes hundreds of obliging extras in ambitious as-sault on recognizable landmarks (the White House and Washington Monument) and enough of the wet stuff to let it slide right past the rough spots. Loaded with in-jokes, cheeky cameos and numerous Bruce Campbell dialog dubs, this little amateur epic ultimately proves hard to resist.

DEAD PIT (1991)

d: Brett Leonard



At a state institution for the mentally ill, an unscrupulous doctor conducts loathsome experiments on inmates in a cellar laboratory until he is slain by a fellow colleague in a fit of self-righteousness. The Good Doctor boards up the cellar and for twenty years, his little secret is safe. When an earthquake opens the gates of the hellhole, lobotomized zombies snack on hospital personnel while a scantily-clad, shrieking bimbo runs up and down the halls looking for the mysterious doctor who "stole her memory."

Dead Pit starts out like a genuine knockout and ends with a bang, but unfortunately, in between those two signature sequences is a routine talky, nut-house potboiler that simply runs around in circles. Still, all things considered, not bad for a movie that comes packaged in a 3-D box with a blinking, red-eyed zombie on the cover.



When the dead
start to walk,
you'd better
start running...

THE DEAD PIT

DROP IN ANYTIME

DEATH SPA (1990)

d: Michael Fish



Slick, mindless body count pic is somewhat redeemed by Ken (Dawn of the Dead) Force and a saucy slat of gruesome deaths visited upon a bunch of pump 'n' preen types at an

exclusive, hi-tech health club. Only the unrated cassette is worth fast forwarding through.

**"I identify with the
parasites."**

- David Cronenberg

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DEMONIA (1988)

d: Lucio Fulci



In a *Beyond*-like opening sequence, five nuns are crucified in an underground crypt in the fifteenth century Sicily by incensed villagers driven to hysteria by reports of orgies being conducted at the local convent. It turns out the reports are true; and, worse yet, one of the sisters gets popped just as she's attempting to burn up the evidence of her unholy union with one of the town studs. Then, in true inexplicable Fulci-style, the scene shifts abruptly to Toronto, 1990, during a seance, when one of the women is overcome by visions of the nuns' deaths. She turns out to be an archeologist soon to be dispatched to Sicily to begin investigation into some recently unearthed catacombs. You can sorta guess the rest. Suspicious deaths soon follow the opening of the crypt, allowing Fulci and FX artist Franco Gennini ample opportunity to toss the sauce: a couple is

impaled; one cat puppets rip out a woman's eyes; another creature's his tongue hammered to a table; and in the film's Grand Guignol piece de resistance, a man is slowly torn in half by a boobey trap in even nastier fashion than a similar demise showcased in Ruggero Deodato's uncensored *Amazonia* (aka *Cut and Run*).

The film ends on a surreal, dream-like note, again reminiscent of *The Beyond*; but not before the director gets in his obligatory cameo, this time as a crusty, cantankerous police inspector investigating the weird murders.

"The budgets are the only difference between Dario Argento and myself. We are doing the same stuff."

- Lucio Fulci

DEMON LUST (1988)

d: Bernard Buys



Having nothing whatsoever to do with libidinous devils, this Aussie-styled *House By the Lake* revenge tale deals with some mighty potent themes, only to stumble at the end when rightful nastiness momentarily makes room for undeserved compassion.

A young woman who was kidnapped and assaulted as a child, is raped again by a pair of degenerates who invade her secluded home in the country. Her husband is tortured and beaten senseless but decides not to go to the police. Together they track the drifters down in a prolonged, tense and unsavory confrontational scenario that'll keep you riveted until the rather flaccid finale.

Some wicked *Last House* vibes and surprisingly adept performances from a cast of nobodies make this misfiring even more shameful.

THE DEVIL'S HONEY (1986)

d: Lucio Fulci



Pretty kinky, highly-charged eroticism from a man known more for putrescence than pussies, this leering and off-beat thriller features enough weird sexual fetishes to make even the dead sit up and take notice.

After her musician boyfriend dies on the operating table, a woman hunts down the attending surgeon and initiates a bizarre and debilitating relationship culminating in numerous beatings, near-drownings, sexual humiliation, scaldings and dog food scarfing. There is also rampant nudity, a motorcycle masturbation scene, an oral saxophone encounter and a hooker who gets off painting her privates with nail polish.

Warning: There are no zombies in this picture. However, certain scenes may cause a stiffening among some members in the audience.

The Maestro makes his usual cameo, this time as a street vendor who sells the young lovers a pair of charmed bracelets.

DIAL HELP (1990)

d: Ruggero Deodato



Unidentified cosmic energies are unleashed through the phone lines and cause incredibly weird, divergent results: tropical fish die; a woman is strangled; a kinky model in scintillating lingerie takes a bath in dirty water; and yet another unt is held in bondage by a phone cord while the receiver spits out a torrent of haughty chatter. Not your typical Ruggero (*Canibal Holocaust*) Deodato outing by any means, bro'.

Hard to say just what the fuck is really going on here; but, suffice to

say, Deodato gets about as much mileage as the law allows from a speed-out scenario that has room for all of the above plus ample openings for a killer pay phone, lethal ceiling fans, malevolent household appliances and mystical pigeons.

A Club Med trip back to Amazonia is in order here, Mr. Director.

DR. JEKYLL'S DUNGEON OF DEATH (1982)

d: James Wood



This odiously egregious entry in the Shithole Sweeps spits right in your face without delay. From its wooden, catatonic thespians to the inexplicable bouts of kung-fu fighting and bad-girl wresling, this film aborts itself before your very eyes within minutes of the credit roll. This Dr. Jekyll, assisted by his brain-dead sister, Hilda, and a giant crippled black dude, attempts to recreate his great grandfather's mysterious serum in order to carry on his mind-control experiments on a bunch of latent wreslers he kidnaps from the streets of San Francisco. It's 99% basement interiors and 100% yak offal.

"I think the police films with Clint Eastwood are much more dangerous for young people... than my films."

- Lucio Fulci

EMMANUELLE'S REVENGE (1985)

d: Joe D'Amato



When her sister commits suicide and she's abandoned by a loutish playboy (the Grim Reaper, himself, George Eastman), Emmanuelle (Rose Marie Lindt this time) plans a mindfuck of the highest order by first seducing, then drugging and torturing the big ape in a secret chamber she's built in her house. More of a soft-core prick teaser than a full-fledged hard-on, this throwaway by the indefatigable Joe D'Amato is neither kinky enough nor bloody enough to satisfy even the most obliging sleazephile.

EMPEROR CALIGULA: THE UNTOLD STORY (1982)

d: Joe D'Amato



7

This cavalcade of debauchery and wanton excess handily accomplishes what Bob Guccione's big-budget *Caligula* never could - and for far less than the big guys probably paid John Gielgud for his micro-cameo. Because D'Amato has shown no aversion to sensationalism of the rawest kind (remember the horse diddling in *Emmanuelle in America*?), he jumps right into this smarmy scenario with an unbridled enthusiasm and perverse glee only a director of such timeless classics as *Porno Holocaust*, *Infernal Orgasms* and *Greedy Mouth* could ever muster. Even the most finicky fetishist won't be disappointed here; the catalog of cruelty and perversion reads like a Greatest Hits package: infanticide, castration, decapitation, masturbation, group sex, carpet-munching lesbo-slave slutsoids, equine sex (again), tongue removals and disembowelment. D'Amato fixture Laura Gemser gets off with a holy black dildo as spears are shoved up the asses of slaves and malcontents.

Another tender, historical set-piece by a real master.

"There was some talk of getting me to direct *Re-Animator 2*, but I expressed no enthusiasm because I want to do my own work. I'd sooner direct in New Zealand than Hollywood."

- Peter Jackson

ENDLESS DESCENT (1989)

d: Juan P. Simon



9

Kind of a *Junie-come-lately* in the Undersea Serpent Sweepstakes, this goofy tale nonetheless proves to be a real FX motherlode as a sub rescue team finds a downed ship and the trans-genetics DNA accelerator (who-o-o-a-a-h-h!) that has been creating a whole maelstrom of freaks out ocean life in the wake of a mysterious accident. The international, multi-ethnic cast includes the usual whiners, studs, sexpots and renegades, plus an estranged husband and wife team (a la *The Abyss*) who reconcile while down under. Lots of mutant sea slugs and aberrant bottom-dwelling invertebrates provide plentiful opportunity for some chunky, heavy-duty splat FX supplied by Colin Arthur.

From the maestro who brought you *Pieces* and *Slugs*. The guy's on a fuckin' roll, man.

ENEMY UNSEEN (1991)

d: Elmo DeWitt



4

Daughter of a wealthy industrialist is kidnapped by a crocodile cult and followed into the bush (so to speak) by Vernon G. Wells (the mohawked maniac from *Road Warrior*) and a band of booger-eating mercenaries who look as though they couldn't rescue a pup from the pound. Thor-



**LAURA
GEMSER**

Lautes wie nichtstillschallende Schreien röhrt sich eine Gefahr. Es sind Zombies – Lebende Tote – die Nacht für Nacht aus ihren Gräbern steigen und ihre Opfer suchen. Wer sie zu Gesicht bekommt, ist dem Tode geweiht.

IN DER GEWALT DER ZOMBIES

GEORGE EASTMAN
MARK SHANON
Regie: Joe d'Amato
Musik: Mario Kennedy

Geht in die Kinos der Stadt und seht das im Programm

50

oughly routine jungle yawner is never suspenseful nor threatening despite the authentic location shooting (earning the film its one measly skull) and the frothing bands of painted-up and pissed-off natives howling for white virgin blood.

EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD (1980)

d: Joe D'Amato



Big George Eastman, frequent D'Amato sex stud and referred to by one wag as "possessing the craggy, good looks of a lowland gorilla with the acting ability of a russet potato," gets to fuck everything in sight in this ribald, manchy, and utterly mindless filmic amalgam of bad porno, cheap skate splatter and cheesy travelogue. And, judging by the way the film begins and ends, it may all be just a dream in a horny and demented inmate's mind who's doing time at the local mental asylum. But sandwiched in between segments showing Eastman furiously boning a hospital nurse in the hallway lies the film's *saison d'été*: zombies, and lots of 'em. One wormface rises up on the autopsy table and puts the bite on a pathologist while a disembodied dead head chews off the hero's leg. Many of the zombies burn and lose various portions of their anatomies frequently. Sharp-eyed D'Amato buffs will also note the copious use of masturbating females, guys with big dicks and scurrilous sexual situations - all of which proves *absolutely* necessary to the plot, of course.

EVE OF DESTRUCTION (1991)

d: Duncan Gibbins



Gregory Hines, looking lost, bug-eyed and totally miscast, is a gov-

ernment counter-terrorist specialist (uh-huh, *sure*) trying to locate a runaway renegade lady robot (the gorgeous Renee Soutendijk from Paul Verhoeven's *The Fourth Man*) with nuclear capabilities whose circuitry was damaged during an aborted hold-up. How a sexy, robot A bomb got involved with armed robbers is anyone's guess.

Hines should stick to dancing and Exopthalmia telethons.

EXORCIST III (1991)

d: William Peter Blatty



Confoundingly weird and courageously daring in turns, this demonic talkathon ignores Part 2 and concentrates on the aftermath of the death of Father Karras at the climax of the original. The nature of evil, the existence of God, the loss of one's faith and other weighty philosophical concerns are given their due during a series of awkwardly protracted expository exchanges between a cop (George C. Scott) and a serial killer



Exorcist III

(Brad Dourif as Billy Bibbit gone to Beetlebub) who is inhabiting the spirit of the dead priest.

Based on director Blatty's own novel, *Legion*, these heavy-duty existential conundrums are literary devices rather than cinematic ones, which is why projectile vomiting, head spinning, levitation and malicious masturbation worked so well in the first one to portend evil and announce the presence of the cloven Hoofed One.

Like his first film, *The Ninth Configuration* (aka *Twinkle, Twinkle, Killer Kane*), Blatty aims high, but often overshoots his mark. Still, a noble and compelling work with one doozy of a chair-jumpin' scare, a shocking climactic exorcism and enough mental meat to gnaw on for months.

"It may be just as dangerous for society to conceal the results of violence as to let people . . . see the full consequences of violent behavior."

- BBC Guidelines

FACELESS (1990)

d: Jess Franco



Kinder critics see this as Franco's homage to Franju's sublime *Eyes Without A Face*, while others are merely content to wallow in the gory surgeries, chainsaw decapitations, power drill lobotomies and the film's criminal disregard for proper operating room etiquette. Still others cite Caroline Munro's saucy turn as a coke-addled slut goddess for major accolades.

Slice it any way you want, pard', this one's a keeper.

FEAR (1990)

d: Rockne S. O'Bannon



Ally Sheedy plays an author and psychic frequently called on by police to solve serial killings who telepathically links up with the "Shadow Man," an L.A. maniac who leaves cryptic messages scrawled in blood at each of his murder sites. The killer is a fear junkie who exploits his victim's worst nightmares and calls it " . . . the greatest rush in the world."

The horror gets closer to home as Lauren Hutton, Sheedy's cool and trendy manager, gets snuffed with a plastic bag soon after she admits that claustrophobia and suffocation are her worst fears. Sheedy and her fireman neighbor (an accommodating and friendly Michael O'Keefe) then track the killer down at a local carnival where a tense and prickly confrontation takes place at the House of Mirrors before a snappy and satisfying finale on board a spinning ferris wheel. Though the killer's unmasking is rather anti-climactic, the build-up—employing prowling, multiple murdercam shots, imaginative stalkings and acerbic dialog—make it fun while it lasts. The killer's no doofus either; he's obviously hip to his audience, informing one victim right before she dies that, "Yes, it's the knife . . . just like in some scary movie you saw last night."

Written and directed by one of the principals in the now-defunct new *Twilight Zone* TV series.

"You don't get it, do you? He's after me . . . I give great fear."

- Ally Sheedy in *Fear*

THE FIRST POWER**(1990)****d: Robert Resnikoff****5**

Low Diamond Phillips is an L.A. cop on the trail of another of those pesky serial killers from-beyond-the-grave (an immensely popular cinematic concept in the last few years) who's picking up where he left off before his execution temporarily derailed his plans for World Domination. Big Low kicks butts and saves the planet.

FLESH EATING MOTHERS (1988)**d: James Aviles Martin****10**

Hip, witty gore comedy examines life in a decidedly dysfunctional suburbia with a wicked gleam in its

eye and a rumbling of cannibal fury in its gut. A sexually transmitted virus turns the town's Moms into super-human monsters who feast on their babies, Little Leaguers, cops and philandering husbands - with little flesh being spared. Though filmed in a rather flat, generic fashion and accompanied by a pedestrian, porno-styled soundtrack, the movie's savage comedic charm, funky dialog and frequent bloodletting overcomes its low budget limitations. The film's nihilistic approach towards the nuclear family unit during this suburban cannibal apocalypse is best summed up by a kid who's just committed matricide - "Hey, I had to shoot her. She would have eaten me too."

FRANKENHOOKER (1990)**d: Frank Henenlotter****7***The First Power*

Socult director Hencelouer (*Basket Case* and its progeny) had always wanted to make a pornographic gore film, eh? Well, I guess he decided to make this one instead. Though it may certainly be *THE Exploding Slut Movie* of the Double Decade, it's neither sexy, bloody, nor particularly clever. Even James Lorinz, the amped-up, machine gun mouthpiece from the wickedly perverse *Street Trash*, grows wearisome with his endless, rambling monologues as a wacko scientist assembling a new body for his decapitated girlfriend from spare parts he harvests from Times Square hookers.

This film tries so hard to be a witty, renegade midnight cult hit that it, quite literally, busts a gut.

FREDDY'S DEAD: THE FINAL NIGHTMARE (1991)

d: Rachel Talalay

I got news for the well-mannered, bourgeois dweebs at New Line (home of the greasy, yet calorie-free, Krueger Burger), Freddy died for real in Part 2 and you genre moddlers are to blame.

This concluding chapter (yeah, right) is nothing more than an exhausting dream-within-a-dream cinematic mindfuck that limps and stumbles its way to a wimpy, murky, 3-D finale that sends you out of the theatre with a curse on your lips.

Some really cruddy makeup FX by Mr. Low Bid of Hollywood, John Buechler, along with a new, overly simplified slip-on mask for the titular toadie (amazingly bungled by series vet David Miller) show New Line's unfettered contempt for their targeted audience.

Cameos by Alice Cooper, Johnny Depp, Roseanne Barr and her De-tox poster boy husband, Tom, make this one a real special turd in the kitty litter box at New Line.

"I've taken the most popular slasher film in the world and moved it into the arena of the metaphysical."

- John Buechler on Friday the 13th VII

FRIDAY THE 13TH VIII: JASON TAKES MANHATTAN (1990)

d: Rob Hedden



4

This dead fuck of a film almost makes John Buechler's previous outing in the series look positively inspired. (Aw-w shucks, folks, just kidding.) Truth is they both rock and who among us wants to debate the relative merits of say, dog shit over goat shit anyway?

Jason (played with Olivieran aplomb by Fangoria Hall of Famer Kane Hodder) does the body-count bop with a cruise ship full of partying teens, but actually only reaches El Apple Grande during the final reel.

Sucks major league dick . . . and swallows.

FX 2: THE DEADLY ART OF ILLUSION (1991)

d: Richard Franklin



4

Very slick, robustly-budgeted sequel is so loaded-to-the-gills with gimmicks, radical plot twists, conspiratorial paranoia and good ol' boy yucks that you hardly have time to notice there's an actual story buried somewhere beneath all the visual debris. Rollie (Bryan Brown), just your average FX Joe with a half-billion dollars worth of hi-tech gear at his disposal, is back, along with co-star Brian Dennehy (who makes a late, but smashing entrance), trying to break an international conspiracy

involving psycho-killers, Vatican treasures, corporate connivers, the NYPD and Michelangelo Buonarroti. Whew! Intended highlights include: a telemetric clown robot battling an albino psycho; a booby-trapped supermarket (Rollie bags the baddie on a shrink-wrap machine), and a dramatic helicopter escape foiled by a flight-ready Bozo.

You get your money's worth.

"I get people coming up to me who are incredible and they are only 13 to 15 years old! I wouldn't want to compete with these young people today!"
- Dick Smith

GHSTHOUSE (1988)

d: Humphrey Humbert



Refreshing, unselfconsciously stupid haunted house potboiler directed with energetic verve by a pseudonymous Umberto (*Make Them Die Slowly*) Lenz. A mean-spirited, psychic little brat who takes no shit from her parents, whacks 'em both right after the credits then disappears for twenty years until a ham radio operator tracks down a mysterious signal coming from the house. It's really just a shameless excuse to get a couple of carloads of victims in on the rather robust body count that includes everything but acid enemas - there's a killer puppet; slicing and dicing by fan blade, hedge clippers and huge knives; a bisected body and a killer zombie with maggots swarming all over his face.

Pasta Land splatter done the old fashioned way - brainless and gory as hell.

GRAVE SECRETS (1989)

d: Donald Borchers



Exotic Rene (*The Fourth Man, Etc. of Destruction*) Soutendijk runs precious little bed and breakfast joint that has recently been plagued by an assortment of weird noises, ghostly footsteps, anti-gravitational vegetables and airborne kitchenware. She approaches a burned-out university professor (a somnabulent Paul LeMat) known for his work in psychic phenomena and together they play spectral sleuths. Things really begin to heat up when LeMat gets splattered by a mysteriously animated raw egg and Soutendijk sees a headless ghost. David (*The Omen*) Warner makes a late appearance as a powerful channeling medium who gets jumped by some chintzy opticals right out of *Topper's Revenge* and starts talking funny. You'll start talking too, but chances are it'll be anything but funny - or forgiving.

Blows dead dingoes.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT (1986)

d: Gerard Ciccoritti



The rain-slicked, neon-splashed city streets recall Scorsese's opening montage for *Taxi Driver*, while the dense, electric blues and reds push the production design towards Argento territory. But beyond that, this hip, sexy and artsy vampire yarn is strictly on its own. Despite the familiarity of the conventions inherent in the bloodsucking sub-genre, this lushly erotic, streetwise portrayal of vampire cabbies, cops, strippers and vixens on the prowl still manages to score major points for its refreshingly reckless originality.

The Black Cat Taxi Company shows an unusual proclivity for

ANDRÉ MOULÉ présente

HORRIBLE

un film de
**PETER
NEWTON**

avec **GEORGE EASTMAN** - **ANNIE HILL** - **CHARLES DORRINGTON** - **KATJA BERGER**
et la participation de **JOSEPH D'AREZZO** et **ELMER** sous la supervision de **JOHN GARD**
une production de **M. J. C. C.**, distribuée par **W. J. C. C.** - **Paris**

Joe D'Arrezzo's Anthropophagus IV/Absurd/Grim Reaper 2/Monster Hunter

picking up desperate, suicidal women teetering in the brink of some personal abyss and making them offers few of them can refuse. These New Age vampires only prey on individuals caught in the "cycle of death;" and once-bitten, the former manic depressives all suddenly cheer up and begin to relish their bloody good fortune. And, the sensuous way blood is made to appear as it dribbles slowly down a fishnet stocking before splashing across a pair of spike-heeled pumps as well as the fact that all the vampire hipsters bite breasts instead of necks makes their choice of afterlives seem even less impulsive.

A contemporary vampire film for those who hate 'em. Really.

"I've done life, now I'm doing death."

**- Mad doctor in
*Dead Pit***

GREMLINS 2: THE NEW BATCH (1991)

d: Joe Dante



With a budget hovering perilously close to \$50 million (including some \$8 million for Rick Baker's FX) this cranked-up sequel is certainly bigger and more boisterous than its predecessor, but thankfully, Dante's deft and assured direction resists the temptation to let technology completely take over by maintaining the relatively innocent and playful tone of the first film. One of the funniest sight gags (Hulk Hogan in a theater when the film breaks) has been replaced by an alternate sequence in the video release, but there is so much fun and gleeful abandon furiously crammed into nearly every frame that you'd hardly miss it if it weren't for some curmudgeonly crack to remind you.

GRIM REAPER 2 (1983)

d: Joe D'Amato



Now here's a real rare bird - a sequel that's way better than the original! 'Course that ain't sayin' much because both of 'em stink, but bad-film mavens will appreciate the cheeky aplomb and witless energy of D'Amato and his grunting, gorilla-like leading man (too frequent collaborator George Eastman) who still manage to deliver the gags, guts and groans with a selfless, gleeful abandon.

HALLOWEEN 5: THE REVENGE OF MICHAEL MEYERS (1989)

d: Dominic Othenin-Gerard



Useless, weary sequel is most likely the last as The Shapester runs out of gas and gets taken alive by the Haddonfield police.

Little doe-eyed Danielle Harris, undergoing a series of spaz-attacks each time she envisions one of MM's assaults, proves she can be every bit as hysterical and perpetually flustered as her co-star, the blithering Donald Pleasence. Tiresome teen pranks (including one goofball who dresses just like Myers), fatal sex, and a brief unmasking do little to further The Shape's career; and the decision to kill off arch-nemesis Pleasence in the final reel shows that even the series' greedy perpetrators realize that the end is at hand.

Like one character says prophetically, "I wish there would be no more Halloweens." Amen, sister.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE (1992)

d: Curtis Hanson





Reactionary mainstream thriller in the *Fatal Attraction* vein is clever, convoluted and convincingly played, but predictable and ultra-conservative (the sanctity of the American Nuclear Family Unit is praised and preserved) just the same. Plot holes the size of jumbo jets abound, as a squeaky-clean yuppie couple allow the Nanny from Hell into their home to care for their newborn son. Owing

a substantial debt to the far-superior *Stepfather*, the film still manages to deliver a few creepy, below-the-belt punches; especially when Rebecca DeMornay (in a scorchingly focused performance) sneaks into the nursery after-hours and lets little Joey suck on her pump-primed outlaw hooters.

HARDWARE (1990)

d: Richard Stanley



Shamelessly trumpeted from sea to shining sea as *The Next Big Thing*, Stanley's directorial debut is an undeniable tour de force; but because it's a ton and a half of style backed by only a few ounces of substance, it falls short of *Galactic Greatness* by more than a couple of metric yards.

In Stanley's post-Apocalyptic, burned-out world, a familiar scenario soon emerges - a lone woman is trapped in a room, menaced not by a misogynistic maniac this time, but by a misanthropic robot that photographs unusually well. Stanley crams as much as possible into this flyweight predicament though, traversing the entire dramatic spectrum from A to B as our plucky heroine proves her mettle.

The uncut print (unreleased in the U.S.) reveals several choice cuts, including an *Omen*-inspired elevator bisection presented in all its gushin' glory.

HELLGATE (1989)

d: William A. Levy



When some libidinous ('natch) young folk gather at an isolated (nice twist) mountain cabin and swap scary stories, talk soon turns to a local legend, that of the "Hellgate Hachiker." In the 1950s, motorcycle toughs kidnapped and killed a ripe,

busty blonde and her avenging spirit is rumored to prowl the hills in search of unsuspecting drivers and wayward tourists. She lures them to *Hellgate*, an 1890s ghost town now populated with boring dead folks into crystal consciousness, can-can dancing and antique automobiles. The most frightening thing about this stultifying mess is seeing Ron ("Horschack," in the TV comedy *Welcome Back, Kotter*) Palillo get naked. Further trashed by second-rate FX work, cruddy opticals, breathlessly overblown music and dialog only a dead person would want to tackle. Other than that, though . . . it stinks.

=====

"The most accessible version of the new flesh would be to actually change what it means to be human in a physical way . . . grow another arm . . . mutate."

- David Cronenberg

=====

HOLLOWGATE (1988)

d: Ron Dizazzo



This sorry-assed slasher begins at a kid's Halloween party when his abusive, drunken lout of a father nearly drowns the kid during the course of an apple-bobbing contest. Ten years later, the boy's parents are dead and he celebrates each Halloween with a nasty prank of his own. First, he fries a couple in their car; then assaults a girl who won't go to the movies with him, and finally, the coup de crap - after ramming a pair of scissors into dear ol' Grandma's peepers, he hunts down four teenagers and kills 'em, one by one. After

dispatching the first couple by knife and hatchet and gun, he turns suddenly creative and runs the other one down with a tractor-mower. The politicking of staffing crullers and comparing nightstick lengths, finally arrive and shoot the fucker. They should've started with the director.

HORRORSHOW (1989)

d: James Isaac



Probably the best of a sub-genre that inexplicably devoted itself to reanimating executed serial killers, this fried-guy fable is bolstered immeasurably by KNB's surreal FX work and the good sportsmanship displayed by genre workhorses Lance Henriksen and Brion James (though his rat-like cackle wears mighty thin, mighty fast). Originally woeful House trilogy, this one earned a life all its own when cutting-edge studio execs fingered the pulse of a nation and uncovered an insatiable appetite for fried felons from-beyond-the-grave.

HOWLING VI: THE FREAKS (1991)

d: Hope Perello



Well, they were bound to get it at least half right if they kept on trying. After four wolf-biting sequels, this latest installment to one of horror-dom's most unwanted and indefatigable series is actually pretty good, compelling even (in parts) and peopled with vivid characters who go well beyond the usual two-dimensionality often seen in most cynical sequels.

A tragic and sensitive wanderer-turned-werewolf falls in love with a local smalltown girl, joins a sideshow and learns to bond with a plethora of mutants-with-heart be-

Mi-hommes, mi-poissons, ils surgissent des profondeurs...

LES MONSTRES DE LA MER



LES MONSTRES DE LA MER (Monster)

avec **DOUG MC CLURE • ANN TURKEL • VIC MORROW**

Scénario de **FREDRICK JAMES** • Histoire de **FRANK ARNOLD** et **MARTIN B. COHEN**

Produit par **MARTIN B. COHEN** • Réalisé par **BARBARA PEETERS** • Musique composée par **JAMES HORNOR**

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Réalisé par LES ARTS 100 ADRENALIN

United Artists

fore learning that love simply cannot conquer everything, especially the coming of the full moon.

Part geek show, part Todd Browning, and all exploitation, *The Freaks* showcases some cool transformation FX and lots of well-crafted makeups from Steve Johnson and Todd Masters.

That's the good news. Now . . . the bad. You can almost hear the next one howling in the distance.

I'M DANGEROUS TONIGHT (1990)

d: Tobe Hooper



Poor Tobe. With nearly everyone and their household help in Hollywood writing screenplays these days you'd think he'd finally find one worthy of his talents, especially after a string of losers that date back nearly a decade. Don't look for a break in that depressing cycle here - this wimpy melodrama about a cursed fabric and the naughty things it makes people do is about as moldy as the ancient Aztec altar featured in the film's clunky opening sequence. A mousey seamstress finds the amazingly well-preserved fabric again at a garage sale, makes a dress out of it and learns prick-teasing and the Lambada all in one glorious evening. Other people who come into contact with it become moody and speak unpleasantly. Ultimately, the demonic dress gets shredded in a mauling machine as the heroine sighs, "There! You're not going to hurt anyone ever again!" Wrong - this will continue to haunt Hooper's declining career every time it turns up on the screen.

Co-stars Anthony Perkins (briefly, as an ineffectual college psych professor) and an underused Dee Wallace Stone.

"Take this you zombie bitch!"
- *Girl in Hellgate*

IN A GLASS CAGE (1988)

d: Augustyn Villaronga



Simply devastating, soul-crushing psycho-drama about a crippled Nazi doctor and the young man enlisted to care for him. Though rarely shown with any explicitness whatsoever, the child-killings, sexual perversions, and suffocating sense of morbid pedophilia is enough to send even the most seasoned viewer reeling. Despite its sordid subject matter, it has the look of an art-house film - well-crafted and beautifully shot, with compelling performances and a deadly serious tone that cuts to the bone. With an unforgettably twisted climax and a welcome coda that assures nervous viewers that no children were ever put in harm's way, and that a psychologist was on-set to counsel the young actors. Thank God for small, fuckin' favors.

You'd best be ready for this one it's a skull-shredding experience.

IN THE COLD OF THE NIGHT (1989)

d: Nico Mastorakis



If you can accept any of the preposterously shaky plot-points in this intriguing, surprisingly effective thriller, then you'll no doubt enjoy the little bonus, too - lots of steamy, NC-17 rated sex scenes with an exotic model blessed with the most incredibly sinful, poke-yer-eye-out nipples you've ever seen. When a high fashion photographer begins to suffer recurrent hallucinations of killing the same woman again and again, he is understandably nonplused when she shows up at his studio accusing him of harassing her. He eventually discovers she is a co-



Jacob's Ladder

conspirator in an elaborate and nefarious experiment of which he is unwilling participant. (OK... here comes the part I was warning you about.) It seems that months ago, when he was unconscious and in intensive care after a motorcycle accident, one of his missing teeth was replaced with a micro receiver that was programmed to pick up high frequency television broadcasts. He finds this out after he chances upon a laser disc in Ms. Nipple's beachside digs that contains each and every frame of his chronic nightmare.

Despite the pretentiousness and risky plot twists, they pull it off - creating a bower-enhancing, mind fucking cinematic experience that gets mucho points for sheer bravado.

JACOB'S LADDER (1990)

d: Adrian Lynne



For what is essentially a one-joke

movie and a modern take on Ambrose Bierce's *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*, this jarring shocker from the director of *Flashdance* opens up a whole new can of schizy wormlife that not only threatens the lead character (earnestly essayed by Tim Robbins) with insanity but the audience as well.

A Vietnam vet is tortured by horrific visions he initially perceives as some kind of post-traumatic stress syndrome, but soon discovers he's ensnared in a waking nightmare that knows no bounds. Some of the chilling FX scenes (including a gurney ride into the heart of Horror Hospital) contain some of the most powerful and terrifying imagery ever put on the screen, so it's kind of a pity to find out the awful truth at the film's end.

"What does your dick look like after you die? Looks just like a dog turd."

- Craig Spector

KEEP MY GRAVE OPEN (1980)

d: S. F. Brownrigg



Rambling, pointless, incoherent mess about a deranged woman with a phantom lover who kills interlopers with a big ol' nasty sword. Real slow going, peppered with entry-level art-house flourishes and featuring a cast that ought to be put in a sack and drowned.

From the director of the marginally-watchable *Don't Look In the Basement* and the snooze-inducing *Don't Open the Door*.

KILLER (1991)

d: Tony Elwood



Shot for less than peanuts in Super 8, this tiresome *Henry* wannabe was the beneficiary of much positive word-of-mouth before its late night, regional cable debut managed to quickly extinguish those misguided hopes for some kind of instant underground cult classic.

Small town kids are hot on the trail of a not particularly inventive nor interesting serial killer who shoots, stabs and slices some of the director's neighborhood friends and softball mates before he fries at the climax in a budget-busting fireball. Or did he? It ends like all of 'em do. Anybody fooled for a micro second no doubt poed themselves when Glenn Close lurched out of the bathtub one last time in *Fatal Attraction*. To its credit, though, the blood sprays in fountains and there is one particularly nasty, gore-packed multiple dismemberment by hunting ax, but by film's end, you'll wonder which cut Joe Bob Briggs saw when he crowed "**** Check It Out."

Backyard auteur Nathan Schiff (*Long Island Cannibal Massacre*,

They Don't Cut the Grass, *Vermillion Eyes*) has done all this before... and better, too.

THE KILLER (1990)

d: John Woo



Slick, wondrous, high-voltage thriller sounds lame and contrived on paper, but its overall cinematic effect is, quite simply, positively incendiary. A top-notch assassin (Chou Yen Fat, China's biggest box office star) is lured out of retirement after he accidentally blinds a sexy lounge singer during a nightclub massacre. There's also plenty of male bonding, hi-tech weaponry, a massive body count and eclectic gunfights, enough to give even Sam Peckinpah wet dreams.

Woo is an undeniable powerhouse of a director who alternately pays homage to a scorned genre while simultaneously gently mocking its conventions.

The final shoot-out is nothing less than transcendent.

(Other titles (beyond the scope of this book) worth seeking out include Woo's *A Better Tomorrow 1 and 2*, *A Bullet in the Head* and *Hell Sheds No Tears*.)

LEATHERFACE (1990)

d: Jeff Burr



Popularly reviled second sequel is actually closer in tone to the original than Hooper's wild, slapstick-happy predecessor. It's a brand new cannibal clan this time, with no hold-overs from previous adventures, who lay siege to a couple of quarreling lovers (Kate Hodge and William Butler) on a cross-country odyssey. The Family is colorful, kinky and still carnivorous, now led by a wheelchair-bound



KNB's
Leatherface
FX



cranky matriarch who communicates through a tin voice box. It also features a twisted little "un who loves to get her hands red-'n'-wet.

Much of the film's considerable potential was prematurely gutted by New Line lackeys when Jeff Burr (director of the fine, but neglected, *Offspring*) was fired late in the shoot and replaced by second-unit hacks who filmed an entirely new (and grossly illogical) ending.

Reportedly, little of splattermeister David Schow's original script made it to the screen, deemed by reactionary, chicken-shit New Line execs as "too violent." Yo, listen up, dorks! It's supposed to be a *massacre*, not a fuckin' picnic.

LUCKER: THE NECROPHAGOUS (1986)



Another corpse-fucking wannabe released in the wake of *Buttgreih's* success with *Nekromantik*, this one, is, indeed, a pretty sick pup in its own right. Fat, ugly slug who makes Joe Spinell look like Mel Gibson porks

putrescent pussy in this European atrocity that simply dares you to keep your cookies down during one over-ripe scene of scuriously perverted foreplay. A rough ride.

"These homicide detectives come to this Irish bar every night . . . You should hear this stuff. It makes horror films look like Ding Dong school."
- Robert Englund

MADONNA (1990)

d: Alain Zaloum



This needlessly convoluted revenge thriller never really delivers despite its considerable potential - the trappings of a *Death Wish* film crossed with a healthy dose of Abel Ferrara's *Ms. 45* - but there's enough slutty lingerie, mindless murders, unsavory characters and rampant nudity (both gratuitous and otherwise) to keep you erect and alert for the duration. When a child killer is beaten to death in prison, his foxy daughter (who has an under-explained fixation with the Virgin Mary) goes after the jury and their families with a well-oiled plan of seduction, betrayal and murder. This joint U.S./Canadian production ends up sputtering when it should sizzle, though credit must be given to one of the sexiest, most salacious serial killers in recent memory.

MAN BEHIND THE SUN (1981)

d: T. F. Mous



Sickening quasi-atrocity spectacle about secret chemical and biological

experiments performed on Chinese prisoners by the Japanese Imperial Army during the waning days of WW II. Extremely graphic and disturbing imagery includes explicit footage not always easily dismissed as FX trickery. Vile use of both live animals and kids pushes this one to the limits of acceptability. Make no mistake about it, this is the *Cannibal Holocaust* of the 80's and about as rough as it comes.

MANIAC COP 2 (1991)

d: William Lustig



Probably the only third sequel of the Modern Era to be arguably better

than the original, this Larry Cohen-penned outing is typically dense, talky and multi-layered, but liberally peppered with inspired stunts, hair-raising car crashes and violence-drenched set-pieces that keep you riveted until the very end. Bruce Campbell survives the first film only to get wasted within moments in this one, allowing the Psycho Pig to join forces with a serial killer (a Tobe Hooper look-alike) and kick more porcine ass. There is one incredible fire gag that'll give you a second-degree burn just watching it.

MERCENARY

CANNIBALS (1983)

d: Dick Lik



Maniac Cop 2



Saved from scorn by its unintentionally hilarious dubbing and its gleeful excesses, this goofy Asian entry wants to be *Platoon* or *Apocalypse Now* but settles for *Delta Force* 3. A former Special Services Sergeant accepts a mercenary assignment in Vietnam to hunt down a renegade war criminal and his band of cannibal cut-ups in order to pay for an expensive operation that will save his daughter's life (sniff, sniff). Touching, insightfully compelling material here, liberally spiced with kung-fu fighting, worm eating degenerates, torture by firecracker and misguided jingoistic bravado.

"The most violent scene that I have ever done is where the poor woman is killed by being hit with chains by peasants.."

- Lucio Fulci on *Don't Torture A Duckling*

METAMORPHOSIS (1989)

d: G. L. Eastman



This creaky clunker reminds one of Chas. Band's heyday at Empire Pictures when glossy, air-brushed posters heralded the coming of such forgettable time-wasters as *Tunnelvision*, *Creeposolds*, *Ghoulies* and *Parasite*. Well, throw this one on the heap too, as a catatonic, monosyllabic cast comes to grip with a rebellious genetic engineer who injects himself in the eyeball with a mutant strain of DNA that transforms

him into a fully-functioning Godzilla Halloween costume by film's end.

Suspicious credits lead one to believe that Joltin' Joe D'Amato had something to do with all this. It's a Film Mirage production directed by longtime cohort George Eastman with costumes credited to a *Laurette* Gemser.

MISERY (1990)

d: Rob Reiner



Workmanlike interpretation of King's gritty novel dispenses with the book's grislier elements and concentrates on suspense, tension and the ever-escalating war of wills between a critically injured writer (James Caan) and a fawning, schizophrenic nurse with a 100 megaton attitude and a pet pig. Mainstream all the way, Reiner shows he can direct genre material, but only after it's been properly sanitized and de-boogered. Sorta scary . . . but not really.

Kathy Bates surprised everyone and won an Academy Award for her performance as the Nurse from the Netherworld.

MURDEROCK (1984)

d: Lucio Fulci



Flashdance meets the maniac in this throbbing, disco-fied potboiler that features a not-so-bright killer preying on a bevy of dancin', prancin', vixens who appear to possess the collective I.Q. of a gnat swarm. Fulci's trademark eyeball close-ups are liberally interspersed among leering, croch-intensive visuals that tend to blur the line between homicide and horniness.

NAKED LUNCH (1992)

A black and white movie poster for 'Murder Rock'. The title 'Murder Rock' is written in a large, stylized, serif font across the top. Below the title, a woman with curly hair is shown in a chair, looking up with a shocked expression. A long, ornate pike with a skull at the top is positioned diagonally across the scene. The background is dark and atmospheric, suggesting a horror or thriller genre.

Murder Rock

DIRECTED BY LUCIO FULCI



d: David Cronenberg



8

This is going to hurt... Cronenberg, truly one of the genre's most gifted visionaries, could effectively do no wrong - until now. In a move sure to alienate even his staunchest cadre of followers, this wretched, clumsily portentous beatnik art-film simply *dares* you to like anything about it. Because it is a slavish suck-up to William Burroughs' totally unfilmable novel, it presents an almost impenetrable smokescreen of hip aphorisms, indecipherable beat dialog, junkie yammerings and smug self-righteousness that it is anything but user-friendly. All that plus a two-foot roach-like typewriter amalgam that carries on conversations through a mouth in its butt. That ain't the half of it either, bro'.

Chris Walas supplies a lethal dose of latex with a plethora of creatures only a hype could love.

NEKROMANTIK 2 (1991)

d: Jorg Buttgereit



10

Still subversive after all these years, cult auteur Buttgereit ups the ante a bit by shooting this sequel in 16 mm (instead of Super 8) and again provides hardcore goreographers with yet another ass-tweaking, taboo-thrashing climax that even manages to outdo the auto-masturbatory, harikari conclusion to the first one. And, uh... no mean feat there, pards. They just don't make endings like Buttgereit's anymore... anywhere (not on this planet, anyway).

Mourning girlfriend digs up lover's body, brings him home in a plastic trash bag and single-handedly begins renewing their rather kinky sex life, before existential debilitation forces her to return to the Land of the Living Fuck. That doesn't work either, so Buttgereit seizes this cosmic conundrum by the testicles and wrings them for all their worth. The ending will leave you gasping for air.

Any film, though, that begins with a quote from toasted Ted Bundy, followed by blood-spurring dicks under the credits and climaxes like this one is bound to have a few slow spots in between. Sure, some sequences seem unnecessarily padded and it's listless at times, but Buttgereit's unique brand of roguish, unclassifiable kamikaze charm still seems edgy and brave in a world filled with Chucky dolls, Puppet Masters and college-bound Ghoulies.

John Boy Walton (heh, dude, welcome back!) is co-credited with the musical score.

"I don't think it was a drag queen because there are traces of semen in the victim's penis."

**- Pathologist in
Graveyard Shift
(1986)**

NETHERWORLD (1991)

d: David Schmoeller

**5**

Shabby, schlocky shit from Full Moon Productions, the bastard cinematic slime-child of Chas. Band's execrable Empire Pictures, whose well publicized demise briefly revived faith in a Supreme Intelligence among horror fans everywhere. Well... Band is back, and he's b-a-d-d-e-r than ever. This cockeyed chunk of eyeball flotsam concerns an extremely weird backwoods Bayou club, where legend has it, sexy voodoo slutoids turn men into birds just for the hell of it.

An anal dwarf, looking to cash in on his father's inheritance, becomes an unwilling accomplice in a blood rite designed to resurrect his old man. Sometimes a stone hand pops off the wall and flies around, even occasionally poking someone's eye out or else shooting deadly finger-tentacles into their faces for spite. The Voodoo Vaginette puts the kid into a trance to help locate his father but she ends up turning Pop into a parrot.

With a few tasty blues licks mercifully provided by Edgar Winter and band (earning the film its meager 1/2 skull) and surprisingly cheesy FX work by Mark Shostrom.

NIGHT ANGEL (1990)

d: Dominic Othenin-Gerard

**6**

Lilith (aka Satan's Whore), a sexy slime princess resurrected during a lunar eclipse, kills the right people at an upscale fashion rag to land a cover assignment, provoking both hard-ons and hallucinations amongst the staff as she launches her campaign for World Domination through sexual treachery. Lotsa trendy chit-chat, a little gore, a hint of lesbian sex, ample nudity and heavy doses of eroticism

keep things well-oiled until a voodoo bag lady with a powerful mojo arrives on scene to kill the demon harlot. Both Steve Johnson and KNB EFX are on hand to provide the wet stuff as Hell's Ho' gets blown to smithereens in a splattery, fiery finale that rewards your faith in God's Holy Order.

NIGHTBREED (1990)

d: Clive Barker

**5**

There are two evenly divided camps concerning this picture. On the one hand, many see it as a chipped masterpiece befouled by studio interference; while others simply think it sucks monster wazoo with a Herculean verve.

Misunderstood mutants get into the bonding process in a subterranean refuge until a murderous psychiatrist (clumsily essayed by genre maestro David Cronenberg) leads the cops to their corral. Plenty of painfully unhip dialog, an unsympathetic cast, dozens of slapped-together rubber-headed freakozoids and an ember-rassing coda that indicates Midian will rise again. If so, look for *Nightblight 2: Barker's Apocalypse*.

NIGHTMARE ON THE 13TH FLOOR (1990)

d: Walter Grauman

**2**

A journalist filing a story on a stately Victorian hotel finds that the entire 13th floor has been sealed off since 1901 - the year a Satanic serial killer whacked sixteen people to death with a fire axe in his quest for both immortality and the front pages. Before you can say "room service," the murders start up again - but only on the 13th floor - and the police can't find the bodies. A major existential conundrum follows before poor

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

ALL NEW! GEORGE A. ROMERO'S HORROR CLASSIC

21st CENTURY FILM CORPORATION AND GEORGE A. ROMERO PRESENT
A MENAHEM GOLAN PRODUCTION A FILM BY TOM SAVINI "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD"
TONY TODD PATRICIA TALLMAN MUSIC BY PAUL MCCOLLOUGH EDITOR FRANK PRINZI
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER AMI ARTZI PRODUCED BY MENAHEM GOLAN AND GEORGE A. ROMERO
BASED ON THE ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY JOHN A. RUSSO AND GEORGE A. ROMERO
SCREENPLAY BY GEORGE A. ROMERO DIRECTED BY JOHN A. RUSSO AND RUSS STREINER
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Louise Fletcher (who hasn't landed a decent role in 15 years) and the wooden James Brolin reveal themselves to be minions of the Great Horned One. Marcus Welby appears in a brief cameo in communion with a devil goat's butt.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1990)

d. Tom Savini



5

A total misfire that drives a stake into the heart of all those who've respected and cherished the original. Savini's direction is flat and moribund, and Romero's script is perfunctory at best - nothing, absolutely nothing, has been added to the Mythos

of the Dead. The hotshit zombie designs were highly touted in various genre rags because of their "revolutionary" computer-enhanced formulation. BFD! They don't look any better than the oatmeal-and-maggot mugs seen in any Fulci film.

A debilitating, depressing experience and a supremely cynical, venal and shameless attempt by the filmmakers to turn guts into gold.

"The whole idea of horror films is against morals, against values . . . and decency."

- Dr. Robert Gould

NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES 2 (1981)

d: Joel M. Reed



Earning its somewhat generous rating for its imaginative use of stock footage, Alpine locations, stirring SS songfests and wise-cracking zombies, this dead pic from the director of the notorious *Bloodsucking Freaks* is unusually restrained, (polite even), shying away from any real nastiness despite its "unrated" label. Got to hand it to 'em for originality, though; you don't often find a porn star working for the CIA investigating a chemically-induced zombie plague in the Bavarian Alps . . . no, sir!

Alpine legend has it that a crack

"We zombies are destined to rule the universe."

**- Night of the
Zombies 2**

team of SS troops battled a U.S. Army Chemical Corps unit at the end of W'W II, although no evidence was ever found substantiating the claim. Numerous cannisters of an experimental nerve gas were presumed lost; but when the Pentagon sends a special agent (sex star Jamie Gillis) to the site 30 years later, he finds that the chemical has been keeping the dead soldiers in a state of zombified suspended animation. The zombies turn out to be an affable bunch--good-humored and comic--cracking priceless one-liners like "It maybe too late, I'm already falling apart," and "Zombies? We find that term distasteful." Luckily, the CIA man also uncovers a zombie plot to rule the universe just in time to take the appropriate steps and save the planet.

They don't make 'em like this anymore.

NIGHT VISITOR (1989)

d: Rupert Hitzig



Nobody believes poor Billy when he claims to have seen his chubby, balding high school history teacher commit a ritual murder next door; and, frankly, why the fuck should they? A Satanic civics instructor turned part-time serial killer? Mighty tough to swallow . . . or to watch, for sure.

Zachary and Stanley are the Brothers Doofus - they kidnap women, chain them in the basement and then sacrifice them to the devil to the strains of a screeching Omenesque score right out of *Saturday Night Live*. Eliot Gould, Michael J. Pollard, Allen Garfield and Playmate Shannon Tweed are the guilty ones here, along with the written-on-a-dare script, generic direction and insufferable music. This is the Devil's Dung - goat shit served hot and runny on stale toast.



Sex, snakes 'n' splatter—*Night Angel*.

"The motion picture industry must accept their share of responsibility for the tragic results of their exploitation of sex and violence. They cannot hide behind a misplaced cry for 'freedom of expression.'"

- Cardinal Roger M. Mahony

976-EVIL (1989)

d: Robert Englund



5

Teen-weenie telephones the netherworld and find there's hell to pay for the entry-level demonic powers he acquires while Dancin' with Mr. D. Soggy, undistinguished directorial debut by The Slice Man himself; though Englund does manage coaxing a flighty, eccentric performance out of Sandy Dennis as a religious zealot who ends up eaten by possessed passies.

An unwanted sequel has been threatened.

OZONE: ATTACK OF THE REDNECK MUTANTS (1991)

d: Matt Devlen



10

Slow, mindless, micro-budgeted hurlfest from the team responsible for *The Abomination* plus chicken-chasing, beer-swilling backwoods retards against toxic mutants in a film

that makes *Redneck Zombies* look like *Rashomon*. Loads of viscous fluids are violently disgorged, lousa blood gets squirted on walls and ceilings and yes, Virginia . . . flesh is eaten, too, but this gorefare is calorie-free



Ozone

filler from kids who apparently aspire to be the next Ray Dennis Stockler or Ted V. Mikels. The movie (at least its on film, anyway) begs to be taken behind the barn and shot but it's not without a built-in caveat - several welcomed interruptions from "Mother Video" actually advise viewers to "stop the tape" before it gets any worse. Good advice, but too late - it should never have even started.

THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS (1991)

d: Wes Craven



6

For fans scared stupid by Craven's previous outing, the molar-grinding, gag-inducing *Schlocker*, this claus-



From the creator of
"A Nightmare on Elm Street"

WES CRAVEN

THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS



COLORED FILM

A UNIVERSAL PICTURES FILM



rophobic, carefully crafted thriller will come as somewhat of a relief - though it's still nothing to crow about.

A young kid is trapped inside an urban house of horrors when a robbery attempt backfires and soon learns that he's not the first to be held captive by a couple of Class A loons (played with *mucho gusto* by Everitt McGill and Wendy Robey) in search of the perfect family. The first 45 minutes are nearly flawless - all adrenaline, edgy anticipation and prickly foreboding - until Craven

makes his first misstep. The kid, obviously bright and resourceful, returns not once but *twice* to life-threatening situations that conveniently endanger him while Craven sets up the protracted and predictable chase sequence that lasts until the final act. Both Craven and the kid run out of gas long before the film limps to a feel-good finale that's guaranteed to make your teeth ache.

PIECES (1981)

d: J. P. Simon



The People Under the Stairs



PIECES

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!

Starring CHRISTOPHER GEORGE, PAUL SMITH
EDWARD FURBER, LINDA DAY Music by CAM

Screenplay by DICK RANDALL & JOHN SHADOW
Produced by DICK RANDALL & STEVE MANAGIAN Directed by J. SIMON



10

This Spanish splatter flick presents a pretty heady stew: the sadistic, swinish guard from *Midnight Express*; Christopher and Linda Day George in the roles of their lives; a campus full of obliging victims pretending to be Bostonians; and a chainsaw maniac who's assembling his ideal woman from freshly harvested spare parts—but it's still bloody awful (heavy accent on the former), just the same. Regardless, it's an acceptable sojourn if you're splatter-slumming or are unable to resist the irrepressible charms of the Chris 'n' Linda Show. Besides, who among us can take issue with the altogether satisfying sound of a chainsaw ripping into naked, screaming flesh?

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1991)

d: Stuart Gordon



6

Set in 1492 during the Inquisition and the mad reign of ace torture-junkie Torquemada, Gordon's remake presents an uneasy mix of mayhem, tits, timers and social commentary - first threatening horror, then comedy in fits and starts. Many of the most intense and powerful moments are often subverted by self-conscious, painfully hip wisecracks that seem wildly out of place in a story of this severity.

Lance Henriksen, however, does no wrong with his scorching performance as the snarling, sexually-repressed and anal retentive Grand In-

quisitor and the rest of the supporting cast (including Jeffrey Combs and a dapper, bewigged Tom *(Henry)* Towles as a royal swordsman is nothing less than right-on-the-mark.

There are a couple of cloying dream sequences that seem to belong to a different movie and the climactic confrontation with El Blade-O-Grande is cut so short as to appear almost subliminal. Fortunately, there are numerous sequences which are Grand Gordon Guignol, most notably the toasted, exploding witch gag, the corpse floggings, tongue whackings and rat bisections that push the film's contractual "R" rating about as far as it'll go these days.

Ultimately, *Pit* delivers more of a paper cut than a serious slicing, but it marks a solid return to form for a director who, before *Robot Jax* anyway, was clearly at the top of the horror heap.

POPCORN (1991)
d: Mark Herrier



4

Troubled production was originally intended to reteam Alan (*Deranged*)

Ormsby and Bob (*Black Christmas*) Clark, but both parties had to back off when Ormsby was replaced as director a few weeks into the shoot. An alleged horror spoof, it occasionally hits its marks with an inspired array of slick homages to "B" flicks of the 50s but the ultimate effect is one of disorientation and fatigue. The film stands as an uneven and bloated \$11 million tribute to movies made for what *Popcorn* paid to feed its crew.

"When he was young, he liked to use acid to scrape the meat off dead animals."

- Jeffrey L. Dahmer's stepmother

PREDATOR 2 (1990)
d: Stephen Hopkins



5

High-voltage sequel is a smoke screen of delirious action set-pieces, chases, shoot-outs, and spectacular effects cleverly designed to hide the



one, tiny thing the filmmakers forgot: the story.

Danny Glover is game enough as an L.A. cop battling the now city-bound invaders, but the script leaves little for him to do. Glover's main contribution is a series of reaction shots to the myriad of confrontational scenarios that eventually bludgeon you to distraction with their pyrotechnic ferocity.

More is not necessarily better, guys.

PUPPETMASTER (1989)

d: David Schmoeller



At a plush hotel on the California coast sometime in the late 30s, a man hides his prized, wooden headed buddies in a trunk, deposits them inside a secret wall panel and then calmly blows his brains out all over the wallpaper. Fifty years later, dream researchers from Yale University (uh, right) gather at the Bodega Bay Inn and uncover evidence that the puppetmaster was experimenting with an ancient Egyptian formula that could animate inanimate objects. With lots of hyperactive, puppet-cam shots, tinted flashbacks, drowsy dream sequences and modestly amusing bouts of micro mayhem created by David Allen's stop-motion little party animals. Let's face it though, revelling in the pint-sized antics of Leechmouth, Buzzhead and the Slicemeister is strictly and absolutely, an acquired taste.

Stars Pal (*American Graffiti*) LeMat, with a not-very special appearance by Barbara (*Re-Animator*) Crampton.

PUPPETMASTER II

(1990)

d: David Allen



The little punks dig up their master and bring him back to life with a strange green solution (at least it doesn't glow like Herbert's) but he's so fucked up and worm-riddled that he has to hide behind Invisible Man-like bandages whenever he goes public. Because of the shortage of any fresh, new re-agent, the Maggot Master seeks a new body in which to transfer his life energies. Opportunity knocks when a Paranormal Research Team re-opens the hotel on Bodega Bay and starts snooping around for puppet spoor. Desperately needing bits of brain and other precious bodily fluids to cook-up more of the magic elixir, the pups do bad things to good people . . . again and again. Things turn sour when animal brains are mistakenly used in the mix and a case of cosmic constipation interrupts the spirit transfer.

Directed in a flat, nondescript fashion by FX man Allen, the original Puppetmeister.

PUPPETMASTER III: TOULON'S REVENGE (1991)

d: David DeCoteau



In Berlin, 1941, a slimy Nazi snitch instigates a Gestapo raid on a toymaker known for his remarkably animated puppet shows. When the old man's (Guy Rolfe) wife is killed, he vows to get even and unleashes a platoon of puppeterrors to kick some fascist ass. (Why, Mr. Drillhead even tunnels right through somebody's chest and Sencor Six-Gun pops off to the High Command!) Your heart is in your throat at the climax as bad Nazi Richard Lynch gets hooked and hung up just like a puppet.

An unwelcome coda threatens *Part 4: When Bad Puppets Turn Good*. Barf. Make it just plain sawdust next time.



LEITE BASHMAN AND
MICHAEL WOLF PRESENT
A TROMA FILM RELEASE



RABID
Grannies



GRANDMA, WHAT A BIG MOUTH YOU HAVE!

RABID GRANNIES **(1988)**

d: Emmanuel Kervyn



This French/Holland/Belgian oddity won some European FX awards before being neutered by Troma and released Stateside in a nearly-unwatchable "R" rated version. Taking some inspiration from *Demons*, party-goers at a family reunion and birthday bash are trapped in a mansion and besieged by frothing harpies who'll chew their way right into your heart.

The first half of the film is talky, stupid and relatively pointless; further insult is added by the really irritating, dubbed Brit accents. Don't let that stop you from fast-forwarding to

some major chunkblowing activity in the final section that will reaffirm your faith in the Cosmic Order of things. It gets about as gory as the law allows: multiple dismemberments, fire-hose gouts of blood, impalings, cannibalism and gut-gnoshing - but all, of course, absolutely essential for plot enhancement.

(Unrated version only.)

THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS!

"We had to use the entrails of sheep . . . which really had to be swallowed by the actress and then vomited up."

- Lucio Fulci

THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS! THE BLOODBATHING BEASTS!

RAMPAGE (1987)

d: William Friedkin

**5**

Guard your expectations carefully with this one, friends. After certain breathless raves began appearing in several major genre publications, a firestorm of viewer interest was created for a film that is, essentially, a glib, talky, police/judicial procedural story only momentarily jump-started by the initial appearance of a ferociously vile serial killer on a Christmas search-and-destroy mission. From then on, it's a major league yakfest as a prosecutor (*Alien's* Michael Biehn) abandons his whiny, yuppie, liberal ideas and aggressively attempts to discredit his adversary's insanity defense and fry the Xmas Xterminator for both God and country.

The film's obviously supposed to be very heavy and punishingly important, but the few malcontents among us still insist that bankruptcy and subsequent demise of D.E.G. Studios is simply not the *only* reason this film was denied a major theatrical release.

RELENTLESS (1989)

d: William Lustig

**4**

Judd Nelson is a suitably creepy serial killer, who, after selecting his intended from a phone book, forces the victim to participate in a bizarre ritual of self-termination. Nothing really special here, but a serious misstep during the film's denouement ends it all on a sour note. Robert Loggia is fine as a crusty, bitter old cop, but once he bites it, the film rapidly follows.

Handled with style and incredible restraint by the oft-dissed director of *Maniac*.

REVENGE OF THE LIVING ZOMBIES (1989)

d: Bill Hinzman

**10**

Obviously capitalizing on the original *Night of the Living Dead* (the producer/director/editor/star was the "graveyard zombie"), Hinzman offers nothing new here, but this gory and mindless retelling of the original classic should offend few and amuse many more whose standards for zombie excellence have understandably eroded through the years. Besides, it's rather endearing seeing old man Hinzman with a chunk of bloodied flesh clamped between his teeth or else gnoshing on a freshly yanked-out, still-beating heart while others his age are safely ensconced in their La-Z-Boys playing remote control roulette with their satellite TVs. Hinzman varies little from standard zombie assault formulas and once again posits his hapless cast in an isolated farmhouse conveniently equipped with a fortified cellar for a couple who'd already seen *NOTLD* and know full well just what to expect.

*Relentless*

AN ANCIENT
RITE UNLEASHES
A BLOODTHIRSTY
DEMON!

the RITUAL of DEATH

Starring
LEO ROBINSON
MICHAEL KELLY
LILIAN RAMOS

entertainment inc.

When a bunch of beer-swilling champs have their Halloween party crashed by real dead guys, they react in all the usual ways, allowing the FX crew ample opportunity to get wet and wild: brains are blown out, major chunks of flesh are separated from their hosts and pitchforks seek asylum in tender teenage flesh. Eventually the cops and the good ol' boys arrive to hunt the zombies down, precipitating an ending that should provide most viewers with a heavy dose of *deja vu*.

Good stupid fun - made to look all the better in light of Savini's crash and burn turn with the recent *NOTLD* remake.

"I suppose real slugs were the only way they could do it. Mechanical ones would look fucking ridiculous."

- Shaun Hutson

THE RITUAL OF DEATH (1990)

d: Fauzi Mansur



The eerie spectre of a charismatic cultist who led his followers into a mass suicide haunts the local theatre when a stage troupe begins a reenactment of the deadly ritual. Brazilian director Mansur displays an impressive and sure-handed flair for the material, though he careens wildly from stylish, Argento-inspired set pieces to garish, H. G. Lewis-styled splatter slapstick. This, of course, is not necessarily a debit in a genre that embraces everything from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* to *Cannibal Campout*. There's gore galore too, with a no-holds-barred, bravura chunkblowing finale that's bound to

restore your faith in mankind. Of special note is the peculiarly twisted, consensual, sex-in-a-bloody-bath-tub-with-a-severed-goat's-head scene that's a surefire party pleaser.

Also check out Mansur's *Satanic Attraction* if you still think the gore film is dead.

ROBOT NINJA (1989)

d: J. R. Bookwalter



A frustrated comic book artist does the gear of his costumed superhero and avenges the death of a young couple in this terribly unfunny, cheesy amateur gore-comedy that not only boasts the longest credits on record but also trots out a plethora of questionably gifted thespians in a seemingly endless series of time-wasting camcos. Say what you will, but at least it's saucy - earning high marks on the Splatometer for a variety of fleshen debasements played out in all their torrential glory.

From the director of the most expensive Super 8 movie ever made, the far superior, positively ingratiating *The Dead Next Door*.

RUSH WEEK (1989)

d: Bob Bralver



So you thought you'd seen the last of the brainless, college killfests perpetrated by some axe-wielding slug in a mask, eh? Har-de-har. This useless eyesore proves that even with nearly a decade of practice, the teen slasher sub-genre still shows absolutely no progress. Any film that begins with the line, "Are you ready to party?" and opens at a frat house beer blast is bound to cause severe and traumatic flashbacks among all sentient beings who've long-since burned their diplomas from Splatter Univer-

sity. Besides containing a lethal dose of virulent frat pranks, parties and pinheads, the killer (this won't spoil anything, trust me) is revealed to be the straight arrow dean of the college out on a self-appointed "purifying mission" to punish the harlots and sinners on sorority row. What a fuckin' concept! Were these filmmakers in a coma for the last ten years? You keep waiting for the hooded, skulking axe-murderer to pull off his mask and wink - and let us all in on the joke - but it's played terminally straight, without an ounce of satiric smarts to minimize the damage.

Kathleen Kinmont, the Bride of Re-Animator, takes off her clothes and gets whacked within the first five minutes, but Gregg Allman (as space-case Cosmo Kincaid) and Roy Thinnes (the grimmest of reapers) have to go the distance. The former star of Larry Cohen's *The Invaders* is finally dispatched via the driest decapitation we've seen since the infamous Raggedy Andy Cuse back in '49.

"Freddy and Jason . . . are better known to children than . . . Lincoln, Washington, Dan Quayle or Martin Luther King."

- NCTV Survey

SANTA SANGRE (1991)

d: Alejandro Jodorowsky



Based somewhat on the real life of a notorious Mexican serial killer, this glorious, surreal fable is a riotous feast of provoking imagery, spectacularly dysfunctional relationships, and compelling existential concerns,

but don't let that stop you. It's also one of Jodorowsky's (*El Topo*, *The Holy Mountain*) most linear and coherent works.

It's about innocence, faith, love, murder, showbusiness, tattoos, knife-throwing, forgiveness and redemption - in no particular order. Unrated version includes a vicious knife attack and suicide severely truncated during the film's brief theatrical release.

SATANIC ATTRACTION (1990)

d: Fauzi Mansur



Misguided dickwad attempts to revive his sister through an arcane blood rite while a local radio station keeps a corpse count in this creaky and predictable outing from the director of the surprisingly good *Ritual of Death*. The slinky, arty, Argento-styled touches are still there, as well as the over-the-top gore; but it's a lifeless pastiche of hoary genre clichés already done-to-death in State-side slashfests a decade earlier.

SCANNERS 2: THE NEW ORDER (1991)

d: Christian DuGuay



Earnest and well-intentioned, this fast-moving sequel remains faithful to Cronenberg's original, even upping the ante a bit by providing us with two choice exploding noggin scenes that simply demand the slow/freeze-frame treatment. This time, the telepathic mind-fuckers are Scanner progeny from the first film and once again divided into two opposing camps, allowing for several primo confrontational sequences that showcase the sauce provided by FX man Mike Smithson. The Evil

Scammeister eventually bites the sausage at the end when he's gang-banged by the good guys.

SERVANTS OF TWILIGHT (1991)

d: Jeffrey Obrow



Oh, Lordy me! It's a Dean Koontz movie - and I liked it! (Though I first felt like pounding sixteen-penny nails into my scrotal sack before admitting it in print.) Sure, it's filled with the usual Koontz staples: smart-beyond-their-years, well-behaved kids; sensitive, caring adult-types who know how to cook; and painfully cute dogs (Brandy and Chewbacca here), but it's still a well-oiled shocker with one handi-dinger of an ending. Mother Grace, religious fanatic cum laude from the Church of the Twilight, is convinced that she's located the Anti-Christ. So, she deploys teams of incompetent assassins (shades of *The Omen*) to snuff the lil' devil before his voice changes. The hit teams die (again, like the Big O, but not as spectacularly); although, admittedly, a hell of a lot of folk get shot to shit in blazing gun battles along the way.

The film's success owes much to the skilled guidance and sympathetic hand of director Obrow, who along with partner Steve Carpenter, have already proven that they could deliver the bangs on very few bucks with their previous efforts *Pranks*, *The Power* and *The Kindred*.

"The saw goes right through the ear, nose and teeth. It sucks in the flesh, the lips, teeth and gums. The editor can't even look at it."

**- Scott Spiegel on
*Intruder***

SHOCK 'EM DEAD (1991)

d: Mark Freed



Traci Lords, the poor, misunderstood and underage little porn princess, is the manager of an allegedly "hot" (not that you could tell by their music) Hollywood band, Spastique Kolon (I am NOT making this up), whose new lead guitarist has just cashed in his soul to QF Scratch in return for becoming the "greatest rock star ever." The new Kolonoid gets his wish and lives in rock 'n' roll decadence with a trio of sluts before he learns about his end of the bargain. Soon, his eyes glow green, he burfs on his adoring fans and kills groupies in order to absorb their "life energies." Mercifully, his head eventually blows up during a painfully protracted guitar solo and the Kolons pucker and disband. The infamous Lords apparently can't get motivated without a dick stuck in one of her orifices and her "performance" is not only wooden and pathetic, but she never even gets nekkid.

Co-starring Aldo Ray as the manager of the Pizza Playhouse and a burned-out Troy Donahue as a fawning, butt-kissing record exec.

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS (1991)

d: Jonathan Demme



Riveting, ruthlessly intense Big Studio horror plays with a comfortably stacked deck: Oscar-caliber talent on both sides of the camera; major league buckolax; a genre-savvy director; and a best-selling novel to lean on, but it's still Anthony Hopkin's Super Nova Psycho that transcends all easily-established cinematic parameters to catapult *Lambs* into the

Go
to
Hell.



A Sean Cunningham Production

THE HORROR SHOW

**THERE'S MORE
TO THE LEGEND
THAN MEETS... THE THROAT!**



Dracula's Dog

**The 'WALKING DEAD'
are the most DEADLY!**



**READ THE FINE PRINT.
YOU MAY HAVE
JUST MORTGAGED
YOUR LIFE.**



House by the Cemetery

purified environs found only in the Valley of the Sublime. Both Jody Foster and Scott Glenn are dead-on as well. No doubt Foster is the first Academy Award winner in the history of film ever to be hit by airborne convict cum.

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT 3: BETTER WATCH OUT! (1989)

d: Monte Hellman



A psychic blind girl telepathically links up with the Coma Kid (Bill Moseley, Chop-Top from *Chainsaw 2*, this time with his noggin protected by a plastic bubble) who's been experiencing violent flashbacks from past Christmas massacres (cue-in old footage from previous episodes). He's eventually revived, chases some girls around and commits a couple of Jason-styled, off-screen snuffs before being dispatched by a game, but lame, detective (Robert Culp).

Rescued from the dog house only because it was directed by the cult auteur responsible for *Two Lane Blacktop*, a hippie art-house fave with attitude-to-burn, cool music, James Taylor and dead Beach Boy Dennis Wilson.

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT 4: THE INITIATION (1991)

d: Brain Yuzna



Sandwiched in between two really shitty installments of one of Horrordom's most reviled series makes this episode seem much better than it actually is. Oh well; better to light a really small, *teeny* little candle than to curse the darkness, no? A couple of magazine reporters investigating an apparent act of

"spontaneous human combustion" stumble upon a coven of witches whose leader (Maud Adams) wants to replace her dead daughter with one of them. Trouble is, you gotta die first. Clint Howard, the terminally ugly, balding and unemployable brother of Rowdy Ronnie is a coven flunky who gets naked (the movie's only *truly* horrifying sequence) and drips bug guts on the cub reporter's face while initiating a ritual fucking that turns the poor lass into an insectoid mutant. She's finally rescued as Maud turns to toast and worms eat the Howard boy.

Naturally, giant metamorphosing roach life demands the "Surrealistic Visual Designs" of Screaming Mad George, who also supplies the animated spaghetti and bug-barfing sequences with his usual cheeky aplomb.

From the producer of the impeccable *Re-Animator* and the director of the cult hit, *Society*.

**"You're free of men
and the parasite of fear
they bring us."**

**- Maud Adams in
*Silent Night, Deadly
Night 4***

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT 5: THE TOY MAKER (1991)

d: Martin Kitrosser



This is one series that simply won't go away - but if this episode doesn't snuff out all future hopes for #6, then there is no order in this Universe after all . . . nothing but chaos, fear, and yawning black holes from which no light can ever hope to escape if having Mickey Rooney in a starring role as a boozin', bug-eyed, blithering toy maker doesn't make you reach for

your stomach distress bag right away, hold on then - the army of killer toys, stupid robots and chintzy opticals will push you to the limits of endurance long before you can scream "Puppetmaster's Revenge." One nasty bug toy even crawls in a guy's mouth and pops out his eyeball - all done bloodlessly, 'natch, cause it's not a gore effect, it's a "Surreal Visual Design" by Screaming Mad George.

You see, Rooney (looking much like a puffy, stuffed sausage) is a demented toy maker who has even replaced his dead kid with a life-sized puppet with interchangeable faces and a vindictive mean streak. When the dickless RoboKid disrobes entirely during the shuddering climax and tries to dry-hump one kid's mom, it's either a brave act of kinky, sexual tomfoolery on the part of the filmmakers or else a supremely pathetic moment in a wincingly cruddy movie.

Now... maybe if we all close our eyes together and make one real special Christmas wish...



Barbie the Cop cleans up Hollywood in *Slashdance*

SLASHDANCE (1990)

d: James Shyman



After leering, lingering shots of L.A. bimbos applying sun tan oil, this hoscheaded clunker goes right for the jugular - fat lady wrestlers basted in a \$200 steroid sting by Barbie the Cop! And, yow - it's all downhill after that, 'natch, as our little piglet goes undercover to nail a masked, heavy breather who's been killing some of the worst dancers in Hollywood. In the movie's penultimate scene, the ever-resourceful BarboCop flings her high-heeled pumps at the killer and sucks one of 'em right in his noggin!

A breathless spectacle of ineptitude.

~~~~~

**"There are cannibals at the high school! The kids are eating the teachers."**

**- Cop in *Flesh Eating Mothers***

~~~~~

SLEEPAWAY CAMP 3: TEENAGE WASTELAND (1989)

d: Michael Simpson



Br-u-u-u-u-u-e-e's sis (Pamela Springsteen) is back as Angela Baker, the transsexual terminatrix from Part 2, but much of the sass and spunk has been replaced by the unspoken dictum of nearly all slasher sequels - "kill, kill, kill them teens!"

Brief flashes of black comedy and a few colorful kills fail to mask the creeping cynicism of the series' perpetrators.

THE SPIDER LABYRINTH (1990)

d: Gianfranco Giagni



7

When a university professor is called upon to check on a fellow colleague's clandestine research project, he arrives in Budapest only to find the doctor nearly incommunicado—moody, depressed and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Before he dies, he tells of the existence of a freaky, metaphysical subterranean spider cult populated with beings he describes as "living gods." Naturally, the young prof is soon ensnared in a web of weirdness, sacrifice and spider spunk, climaxing in a go-for-broke baby arachnid transformation that allows Italian splatmeister Sergio (*Demons, The Church*) Stivalotti to strut his wet stuff.

Slow going for the first half, though things pick up quickly once the underground lair is penetrated and the creatures all crawl out from beneath their rocks. Quite dreamlike at times, with a surreal, arty touch—some scenes could even pass for Argento outtakes.

"Dario Argento and Lucio Fulci? I hate them."

- Jess Franco

STEEL AND LACE (1990)

d: Ernest Farino



6

Gang rape victim commits suicide and is resurrected as an ass-kicking, pecker-peeling Robo-Copette by her scientist brother (the always effective Bruce Davison).

Some cool techno-wow FX work, a little sauce and a capable cast keep it rockin'.

STRAYS (1991)

d: John McPherson



1

The always effervescent (and under-employed) Kathleen Quinlan gets saddled with both a bum script and one of the blubbing neurotics (Timothy Busfield) from TV's *thirtysomething* in this made-for-cable yawner about New Age yuppies who buy a big country house only to find it under attack by renegade street kitties. Plenty of slinky, pussy POV's and rampaging hordes of snarling *felis domesticus* with glowing eyes and bad dispositions fail to redeem this mess from its ultimate date with Jonny Cat.

SYNGENOR (1991)

d: George Elanjan, Jr.



7

This late-blooming sequel to William Malone's modestly entertaining *Scared to Death* doesn't benefit much from the radically increased creature-count, but does provide David Gale (now sadly-departed) one last chance to command center stage as a funky, megalomaniacal executive with a monkey on his neck. (See the picture - you'll get it.) He's in charge of the company that manufactures Syngenors (Synthetic Genetic Organisms to you pikers) now employed as a lethal security force that suck spinal fluid first and ask questions later.

Creature and makeup FX supplied this time (in profusion) by Doug Beswick and Mark Williams.

TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE - THE MOVIE (1990)

d: John Harrison



7

Mike Doak in KNB's mummy suit—*Tales From The Darkside*.



Horror anthology benefits immensely from the cinematic savvy of Harrison (a frequent Romero collaborator), a solid cast, swift pacing and juicy FX work by KNB. A few scenes push the "R" rating to the limit, but the show's splashiest piece is undoubtedly Rac Dawn Chong's

spectacular transformation into a winged and clawed gargoyle that comes collecting on an old debt.

Good frothy fun.

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGEMENT DAY (1991)
d: James Cameron


5

Hopelessly overblown FX juggernaut never comes close to the lean, muscular wonder of its predecessor despite trying so hard it hurts ... bad. One souped-up, hyper-dollarated chase sequence follows another with such programmed fury that you're struck deaf, dumb and numb within moments. The real humanity from the original has been drained and reprocessed into a cold, tasteless chowder that's as hard to swallow as Schwarzenegger's transformation into a kinder, gentler New Age Terminator.

Sure, the FX are impeccable - and they better be. Enough money was spent on T2 to end World Hunger as we know it.

TETSUO (IRONMAN) (1990)

d: Shinya Tsukamoto


7

Amazing, surreal metal-mania as guy turns into a mobile scrap heap with a rotating, corkscrew dick in search of communion with a steely gal all his own. Exhilarating visuals and kamikaze camera work will knock you senseless and the originality, breadth of vision, and sense of kinetic revelry in this work is nearly unparalleled. You won't know what the fuck it's about but you won't care, either. Trust me on this one.

"The trick is to introduce real human people that you care about, then tear them apart limb from limb."

- John Skipp

13TH FLOOR (1988)

d: Chris Roache


1


Deborah Harry cuts the cheese in *Tales From The Darkside*.

Useless, splat-free wank-o-rama is the kind of cable fodder you regularly see ensconced in the treasured 3:45 a.m. time slot. A young girl witnesses her father and his colleagues murder some chump and then accidentally fry a little boy, who later returns as a glowing, toasted poltergeist (apparently representing the good Spirit of the Spark out for revenge). Constipated pacing, pathetic FX, snooze-inducing performances and a plot shot through with bowling ball-sized holes make watching this Britlick the cinematic equivalent of a botched root canal.

THE TOXIC AVENGER III: THE LAST TEMPTATION OF TOXIE (1990)

d: Kaufman/Herz



Grotesque self-promotional gore comedy with requisite Tröma titillation is content to rehash old glories as the Toxic Twit again battles hoodlums, lethal waste, a hideous script, pathetic visuals, a lame over-irritating voice-over, and . . . oh, yeah, Satan too.

This dickless dud should put the final nail in T.A.'s coffin once and for all. Toxic waste, indeed.

TREASURE OF THE AMAZON (1984)

d: Rene Cardona, Jr.



Lively jungle romp with a name brand cast (Donald Pleasence, Stuart Whitman and Bradford Dillman) in search of fabulous riches in gold and diamonds deep in the savage heart of Amazonia. Supposedly based on a true story that transpired back in the 50s, this funky little adventure yarn quickly proves it's not just another weak-kneed fortune hunting saga

"I did not like getting bitten by the rats of course, but it was the only way to make the scene work."

- Paul Naschy

destined for the 4 a.m. time slot on your cable TV menu. Besides the cool scenery and obligatory money shots of majestic waterfalls and local flora and fauna we have the exploitation staples: topless cannibal babes, headhunters, crocodile and piranha attacks, tarantula gnoshing, giant leeches, 30' snakes as thick as your waist and killer crabs that'll crawl into your eye sockets and eat you alive from the inside out. Throats are cut, heads and limbs are disappear with regularity and bodies are hung by the tongues like so many sides of beef.

A serious look at terminal culture shock from the director of *Survivel*, *Tinotera* and *Guayana: Cult of the Damned*.

TWO EVIL EYES (1990)

d: George Romero/Dario Argento



A schizophrenic pairing here-- both Romero's and Argento's styles are planets apart and it shows, mostly to Romero's disadvantage. *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, the first episode, is yet another tired rehashing of the revenge-from-beyond-the-grave scenario that echoes countless E.C. stories and Romero's own *Creepshow* doodlings. Uninspired casting has Adrienne Barbeau and E. G. Marshall in a battle of wits over a dying man's wealthy estate and, to no one's surprise, everybody gets their just desserts in a predictable climax that offers little tension or suspense.



A FILM BY GEORGE ROMERO
AND DARIO ARGENTO

"WHEN I WAKE YOU...
YOU'LL BE DEAD."

TWO EVIL EYES

FROM THE CREATORS OF
THE ORIGINAL
"NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD"
AND "DAWN OF THE DEAD"

CAST HARVEY KEITEL - ROCHELLE BRADLEY - RUTH ZIEGLER

SALLY HAWTHORNE - MARTIN GULSMITH - E.C. MARSHALL - JOHN FIDDES - NICKY HATTER - THOMASINE POTTER

PRODUCED BY PIERO QUARONCELO COSTUME DESIGNER TOM SAVINI

WRITTEN BY GEORGE ROMERO, DARIO ARGENTO & FABRICO FERRARI DIRECTED BY GEORGE ROMERO & DARIO ARGENTO

On the other hand, Argento's inspired *The Black Cat* jolts you quickly back to life with its horrific opening Pit and the Pendulum set piece that unequivocally showcases the prodigious cinematic gifts of one of the genre's most revered visionaries. Harvey Keitel is terrific as an edgy, hyper-animated crime scene/art house photographer tormented by his lover's cat. Tom Savini supplies several juicy, tantalizing gore scenes, including a ghastly bisection, flesh feasting mutant kisty carnivores and an ass-splitting, *Cannibal Holocaust*-style staking that'll have you reaching for the Preparation H.

A true mixed bag, disappointing and exhilarating in turns.

"Each film I make changes me in some way. When I start the picture I'm one person, and by the time I finish I'm another."

- Dario Argento

THE UNBORN (1991)
d: Rodman Flender



7

Compelling pastiche of *It's Alive*, *thirtysomething*, and *Rosemary's Baby* stars Brooke Adams as a barren yuppie who comes to James Karen's experimental clinic in order to conceive her very own Stepford baby. If you can get by some of the precious, cloying New Age birthing raps and glowing testimonials to being knocked-up, you'll be rewarded with a healthy slate of unsavoriness highlighted by a way-too-pregnant breeder stabbing herself in the belly repeatedly and a fresh little abortion sticking a knitting needle through dad's eye.

THE UNDERSTUDY: GRAVEYARD SHIFT 2 (1988)

d: Gerard Ciccoritti

3

There's a vampire conspiracy on the set of a bad horror film, and unfortunately, the filmmakers choose not to exploit the delicious irony of the situation and play it straight - and right into the dumpster. Hollow-checked, morbidly translucent Silvio Oliviero plays Stephen, a blood-obsessed punk who takes a role in the film when the leading man conveniently disappears under semi-mysterious circumstances. He sucks, then they suck, and the film soon follows.

UNHINGED (1983)

d: Don Gronquist



8

Three bimbos get waylaid at a Victorian mansion occupied by a man-hating mother and her dog-faced, spinsterish daughter and soon stumble upon an awful family secret. (HINT: It has something to do with the dick



On the set with the Maestro.

dangling between the daughter's legs.) Sexually repressed, paranoid fantasies soon become homicidal reality as the girls (the penis-less ones, anyway) become slasher fodder. Solid helpings of sleaze, nudity and gore, ending with a bang as the truth rears its ugly little head.

"There's no possibility of any ideological or political debate. It is just total horror and bloodshed for bloodshed's sake. This is what our children need?"

**- Jerry Rubin,
Alliance for Survival**

VICIOUS (1988)

d: Karl Zwicky



Young, bored Aussie suburbanite gets involved with a cawful of punks and inadvertently assists them in planning their next home invasion. After a day spent drinking, gang-banging and fucking off, things get real ugly awfully fast as their hastily orchestrated burglary backfires and several people buy the farm. The gang, led by a feral-eyed wastrel who could teach David A. Hess a thing or two about horror and humiliation, kidnaps the murdered couple's daughter, steals a car and takes off for the outback. The violence continues to escalate and finally explodes in a climactic paroxysm of primal rage that leaves the landscape littered with bloodied and battered corpses. Six months later, the surviving suburban bent is still plagued by recurrent nightmares and must come to grips with the fact that the gang leader may still be alive... and very, very pissed off.

Pretty tense stuff here; with plenty

of wicked twists and detours leading to a positively shattering climax and a wry, ironic and disturbing coda.

Filmed on location in Sydney, Australia.

VOODOO DAWN (1991)

d: Steven Fierberg



Marginally based on John (*Night of the Living Dead*) Russo's novel, this dull-witted but inoffensive zombie potboiler often looks like a pastiche of "lost footage" from both *NOTLD* and *Dawn of the Dead*. Tall black dude (Tony Todd from the '91 *NOTLD* remake) invokes an ancient curse and commandeers a boatload of Haitians, whacks whitey with a bodacious machete, raises the dead and finally turns into a snarling, reptilian-Voodoo mutation by film's end. Not too shoddy for one's first visit Stateside, eh?

Good looking flick-- frequently even downright atmospheric-- but a little too timidly retro for serious recommendation.

WARLOCK (1989)

d: Steve Miner



A witchy wuss disappears during a *Close Encounters*-style electrical storm in 1691 and resurfaces in modern Hollywood as a barefoot, pony tailed space-case in search of a book that could restore Satan's domination on earth (didn't know he ever left). Again, following a recent dictum that allows bounty hunters to cross the time-space continuum at will, he is pursued by Warlockfinder General Redfeme, his 17th century nemesis and frustrated executioner. Lori Singer joins the fun as a local airhead who finds herself on the wrong end of an ancient curse that ages her

20 years a day. All parties collide in a Boston graveyard as Julian Sands (the titular figure) flies around on wires and blows some stuff up. Singer injects him with a salt solution and he's burned to a crisp before he can say the magic word. Redferne turns into a cute little tornado and goes back to being dead, letting Singer bury the warlock's toasted bones at the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Easy to see why this howler sat on the shelf for so long.

WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU (1980)

d: Tsui Hark



This tiring, but briskly paced kung-fu-cannibal-gore-action-comedy is from the Chinese producer of the Better Tomorrow movies; and although guys get sawed in half, cut to pieces and squished like bugs, no one is actually eaten.

Best viewed with the appropriate chemical enhancement.

WHITE DOG (1982)

d: Samuel Fuller



Affecting, intelligent and disturbing look at racism and its far-reaching consequences to both man and beast. Kristy McNichol plays an aspiring young actress on her way home from a major schmooze session when she accidentally runs over a large dog that had wandered onto the highway. She takes it to the vet, and not able to locate its owner, decides to adopt it. McNichol soon learns it is a "white dog" - an animal trained from birth to attack only black people. Paul Winfield (in a sterling performance), a handler at Burl Ives' wild animal compound, further explains that these dogs were employed over a century

ago to recapture runaway slaves and kill troublemakers. Winfield offers to help deprogram the dog - but his results prove equally tragic. The ending is a real heartbreaker.

The cast is unusually fine (including cameos by Dick Miller, Paul Bartel and Fuller himself), and even McNichol shines - especially in a tense, crackling confrontation with the dog's real owner. This controversial and rarely-screened film is by a genuine Hollywood maverick whose previous works, *The Steel Helmet*, *Shack Corridor* and *The Big Red One* all showcased a raw, natural style that never compromised Fuller's deep and abiding commitment to cinematic integrity.

Music by the prolific Ennio Morricone.

"You must make a friend of horror."

**- Col. Kurtz,
Apocalypse Now**

WHITE SLAVE (1984)

d: Mario Giaz



A young woman learns the ins and outs of jungle love after her parents are decapitated by headhunters when she's romanced by unusually sensitive tribal studs in this surprisingly engaging, last minute entry in the Pasta Land Mondo/Cannibal cycle. Told as "a true story" and scripted by Franco (*Mondo Cane*, *Africa Addio*) Prosperi, the film dispenses with much of the savagery and geek show theatrics of its predecessors and proves much closer in tone to earlier works like *Man From Deep River* and Cornel Wilde's *Naked Prey*. It also works remarkably well as a fully-blown revenge fable as our little

ROMERO'S CLASSIC



DAWN OF THE DEAD

18

IF YOU LOVED
'DAWN OF THE DEAD,'
YOU'LL JUST EAT UP
'ZOMBIE'!



ZOMBIE

THE DEAD ARE AMONG US!

STORY BY ROBERT ROY POOL & JERRY BRUCKHEIMER
SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT ROY POOL & JERRY BRUCKHEIMER
DIRECTED BY JERRY BRUCKHEIMER

Reprinted by The Jerry Gross Organization

...quando i morti usciranno dalla tomba,
i vivi saranno il loro sangue...

ZOMBI 2

IAN McEULICH - TRA I VIVENTI - MICHAEL JOHNSON - AL LAVORO - ANITA DI
EUGEN KAPLATIS - REGIA DI LUCIO FULCI

MADE IN ITALY - DOLBY DIGITAL - IN 4 PARTI PER IL GRANDE SCREEN - DISTRIBUZIONE: MCDOLBY

Those who did not believe in the
VOODOO CURSE never lived to tell!



BLACK MAGIC

A BLAKE EDWARDS PRODUCTION
STARRING BY YOUNG LULLYLOOSH FILLS BRINE
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PRODUCED BY CAROL ANTON (WILLIE N. L. LULLYLOOSH FILLS BRINE)
IN THE ORIGINAL VOODOO CURSE BY THE

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BIZARRE HUMAN SACRIFICES



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**MAKE
THEM
DIE
SLOWLY**

The most Violent
Film Ever!

FIRST IT CONTROLLED HER MIND, THEN IT DESTROYED HER BODY... LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH

VIDEODROME

STARRING
**DEBBIE
HARRY**
AND
**JAMES
WOODS**
WRITTEN AND
DIRECTED BY
**DAVID
CRONENBERG**

SPECIAL
EFFECTS
BY
**RICK
JONES**
AND
**DAVID
BAKER**

THE
ORIGINAL
FILM
ON
VIDEO
COVER

Sheena eventually finds the real culprits behind her folks' murder and sticks it to 'em.

XTRO 2 (1991)

d: Harry Davenport



6

Those pesky sequelmeisters tampered with the formula that made the '81 original such an unexpected and cockeyed mini-delight and have merely succeeded in delivering yet another uninspired *Aliens* knockoff. A fleshy, slack-jawed Jan Michael Vincent leads his charges (replete with machine-gun toting, aerobicized babes in clinging undershirts) down an endless expanse of smoky, backlit corridors in search of the creature (designed here in okey-dokey fashion by Canada's Cyperflex, Inc.) Splatner, slime and assorted wet stuff hit the walls with a studied, monotonous regularity.

Same director, different movie. This is strictly *Xtro Lite*.

ZOMBI 3 (1988)

d: Lucio Fulci



8

Frequently maligned as a lesser work of Maestro Fulci, this ersatz sequel to his landmark '79 chunkblower still shows that the ol' guy's got the guts. Despite the obvious directorial meddling by legendary hackmeister Bruno (*Night of the Zombies*) Mattei, *Zombi 3* (yes, that is the preferred spelling) remains a fitfully entertaining deadhead romp that actually owes much more to both *Let Sleeping Corpses Lie* and *Return of the Living Dead* than to Fulci's previous zombiepics. The reportedly troubled production was allegedly finished by Wonder Bruno while Fulci was recuperating from cardiac complications.

ZOMBIE 4: AFTER DEATH (1990)

d: Clyde Anderson



10

Pretty cool, old fashioned Pasta splatter that completely redeems Anderson's reputation after the titanic turd laid by his previous effort, the excruciatingly noxious (and aptly titled) *Monster Dog*. Scientists on a remote island try to cure cancer but create a plague of zombies instead. Seems natural enough. Memorable moments of moistness include: eye-poppings, head detonations, face-peelings, slimy transformations, and legions of clever, chunk-biting, ninja action-figure attack zombies.

More fun than a barrel of intestinal parasites.

**"I wanted to recap-
ture the moody atmo-
sphere of witchcraft
and paganism . . .
prevalent when Euro-
peans first settled in
the Caribbean during
the 1700's."**

**- Lucio Fulci on
*Zombie***

ZOMBIETHON (1986)

d: Ken Dixon



8

There's something to be said for a compilation tape that features all the good parts from alot of really bad zombie films isn't there? Didn't think so. Actually, there's only a handful of titles included here, with each excerpt liberally padded with extraneous footage that makes them seem like an

首を断たれ
はらわたを引き裂かれても
なお……

いまだ恐怖の頂点を極めて、
悪魔の「ZOMBIO」をやっつけよう。



ZOMBIO

死霊の(たたり)

監督・スチュアート・ゴードン

スティーヴン・キング原作・ロサンゼルス・ザ・ムービー・グループ・プロデュース・ジョージ・A・ロマン

unwelcome mini-movie. Emphasis is on lame stuffs like *Oasis of the Zombies*, *Zombie Lake* or *The Invisible Dead*, though the tape nearly redeems itself by including nearly all the juicy parts from Fulci's much beloved *Zombie*.

From the writer/director of the equally useless *Best of Sex and Violence*.

"The actors had a hard time accepting the fact that we stuck living worms on their faces!"

- Lucio Fulci



INDEX

For full-length reviews of the following films, please refer back to The DEEP RED HORROR HANDBOOK and past issues of DEEP RED MAGAZINE. After the title is the film's "skull rating" followed by its "GORE SCORE."

- Aenigma (1987), -- 3
 The Alchemist (1981), + 2
 Alien (1979), --- 7
 Aliens (1986), ---- 10
 Alien Contamination (1980) -1/2, 8
 Alien Nation (1988), --1/2, 5
 Alien Predator (1987), -- 6
 Alton's Birthday (1982), -1/2, 3
 Attack of the Beest Creatures (1983), DOG 6
 Bad Blood (1986), + 2
 Bad Dreams (1988), --, 6
 Barn of the Naked Dead (1973), --1/2, 3
 Basket Case (1982), ---- 8
 Beast Within (1982), -- 9
 Bottlejuice (1988), ---- 3
 Begotten (1989), ---1/2, 6
 The Boing (1982), --1/2, 6
 Berserker: The Nordic Curse (1987), -- 5
 Big Meat Eater (1981), -- 2
 Blackout (1985), --1/2, 2
 Black Magic/Black Magic 2/Revenge of the Zombies (1979/81), --1/2, 7
 The Black Room (1982), --1/2, 5
 The Blob (1988), -1/2, 10
 Blood Beach (1981), + 1
 Blood Diner (1987), -1/2, 10
 Blood Frenzy (1987), DOG, 6
 Blood Link (1985), DOG, 1
 Blood Tracks (1985), + 4
 Bloody New Year (1986), 1/2, 3
 Bloody Wednesday (1987), -1/2, 3
 Blue Monkey (1987), -- 6
 Blue Velvet (1986), --1/2, 2
 The Body Beneath (1971), --- 6
 Body Double (1984), --1/2, 4
 The Boogens (1981), --1/2, 4
 The Boogey Man (1981), --- 6
 The Boogey Man II (1983), -1/2, 5
 The Borrower (1991), --- 4
 The Brain (1988), --1/2, 8
 Brain Damage (1988), ---1/2, 6
 Brain Dead (1989), --- 8
 The Bride (1985), --1/2, 2
 The Bride of Re-Animator (1990), ---1/2, 6
 The Brood (1979), --- 8
 Burial Ground (1980), --1/2, 10
 Buried Alive (1980), --1/2, 9
 The Burning (1981), -1/2, 6
 Cannibal Campout (1988), DOG, 10
 Cannibal Holocaust (1978), ---- 10
 Cannibal Ferox/Make Them Die Slowly (1981), --1/2, 10
 Carnage (1983), 1/2, 7
 Cassandra (1987), -- 4
 Cat in the Brain/Nightmare Concert (1980), ---- 10
 Cat People (1982), -- 7
 Cat's Eye (1985), -- 1
 Cells, Child of Terror (1988), --1/2, 2
 Cellar Dweller (1987), -- 4
 The Changeling (1980), -1/2, 1
 Child's Play (1988), --1/2, 4
 The Children (1980), -1/2, 3
 Children of the Corn (1984), + 5
 Chopping Mall/Killbots (1986), -- 8
 Christine (1984), -- 3
 Christmas Evil (1982), + 5
 C.H.U.D. (1984), --1/2, 6
 City of Blood (1983), 1/2, 2
 City of the Walking Dead (1981), -1/2, 8
 Class of 1984 (1982), --- 5
 Class of Nuke 'Em High (1986), --1/2, 8
 Combat Shock (1984/6), ---1/2, 10
 Company of Wolves (1985), -- 6

THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL THEY CAME ...FROM

THE BEYOND

Starring KATHERINE MACCOLL · DAVID WARDECK · SARAH KELLER
ANTOINE SAINT JOHN · VERONICA LAZAR

Directed by **LUCIO FULCI**

 **EAGLE FILMS**

FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH THEY CAME ...TO COLLECT THE LIVING!

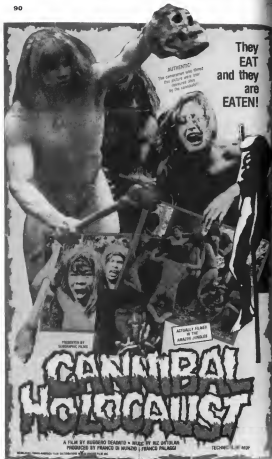
CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD

Directed by **ROBERT ROY POOL**



Starring GEORGE · KATHERINE MACCOLL · Directed by **ROBERT ROY POOL**

- The Craving (1980), + 2
 Crawlspace (1986), + 3
 Crazy Fat Ethel II (1987), DOG, 8
 Creepers (1984), --- 7
 Creepozoids (1987), +1/2, 6
 Creepshow (1982), --- 8
 Creepshow 2 (1987), +1/2, 5
 Critters (1985), --- 4
 Critters 2 (1988), +1/2, 2
 Crocodile (1982), 1/2, 5
 Cujo (1983), --- 5
 Curtains (1983), -- 3
 The Curse (1987), -- 2
 Cut and Run (1985), -- 4
 Damien - Omen II (1978), --- 7
 Dario Argento's World of Horror (1986), --- 9
 The Dark (1979), -- 4
 Dark Age (1986), --- 6
 The Dark Side of Midnight (1984), 1/2, 2
 Dawn of the Dead (1979), --- 10
 Dawn of the Mummy (1981), +1/2, 9
 A Day of Judgement (1981), + 1
 Day of the Dead (1985), --- 10
 Dead and Buried (1981), +1/2, 7
 Deadbeat At Dawn (1987), --- 8
 Dead Calm (1989), +1/2, 2
 Dead Heat (1988), + 1/2, 5
 Dead Ringers (1988), --- 4
 Dead-Time Stories (1985), + 2
 Dead Zone (1984), +1/2, 2
 Deadline (1983), +1/2, 8
 Deadly Blessing (1981), -- 2
 Deadly Eyes (1983), +1/2, 5
 Deadly Friend (1988), 1/2, 5
 The Deadly Spawn (1983), +1/2, 8
 Death Faces IV (1988), DOUBLE DOG 0
 Death Row Diner (1988), DOG, 2
 Deathrow Gameshow (1987), -- 4
 Death's Ecstasy/The Beast (1975), -- 4
 Death Ship (1980), + 4
 Death Valley (1982), + 2
 Death Warmed Up (1984), +1/2, 7
 Deep Space (1988), +1/2, 7
 Deep Star Six (1989), +1/2, 6
 Delirium (1985), +1/2, 4
 The Demon (1983), 1/2, 1
 Demon of Paradise (1987), + 2
 Demon Rage (1982), 1/2, 1
 Demonoid (1982), 1/2, 2
 Demons (1988), --- 10
 Demons 2 (1987), +1/2, 8
 Demons 3 (1988), DOG, 0
 Demonwarp (1988), DOG, 3
 The Devil (1981), + 10
 Devil Fish (1984), +1/2, 6
 The Devil's Possessed (1977), +1/2, 3
 The Devonville Terror (1983), -- 3
 Doctor and the Devils (1985), -- 3
 Doctor Butcher, M.D. (1982), --- 10
 Doctor Calligan (1989), --- 8
 Doctor Death, Seeker of Souls (1973), -- 5
 Dr. Gore (1971?), +1/2, 9
 Dolls (1987), +1/2, 5
 Don't Answer the Phone! (1980), + 2
 Don't Go In the House (1980), +1/2, 6
 Don't Go In the Woods Alone (1981), DOG, 1
 Don't Mess With My Sister (1989), 1/2, 1
 Dorn That Dripped Blood (1982), -- 2
 Dracula's Last Rites (1980), -- 2
 Dreamaniac (1986), +1/2, 6
 Dreamscape (1984), --- 5
 Dressed To Kill (1980), --- 3
 The Driller Killer (1979), +1/2, 6
 Eaten Alive By the Cannibals/Emerald Jungle (1980), +1/2, 9
 Endangered Species (1982), +1/2, 4
 The Entity (1983), -- 0
 Epitaph (1987), DOG 6
 Eternal Evil (1985), 1/2, 1
 Evil Clutch (1988), --- 10
 The Evil Dead (1983), --- 10
 Evil Dead 2 (1987), --- 10
 Evils of the Night (1984), 1/2, 2
 Evil Spawn (1987), +1/2, 7
 EvilSpeak (1981), +1/2, 7
 Explorers (1985), -- 0
 The Exterminator (1980), --- 5
 Exterminator 2 (1984), --- 6
 Eyes of a Stranger (1981), -- 1
 Eyes of Fire (1984), +1/2, 7
 The Eyes of Laura Mars (1978), +1/2, 3
 Fade To Black (1980), +1/2, 3
 Fatal Pulse (1988), DOG, 4
 Fear No Evil (1981), +1/2, 4
 Fifth Floor (1980), + 1
 The Final Conflict (1981), +1/2, 5
 Final Exam (1981), DOG, 1



- Final Terror (1981), -- 3
 Firestarter (1984), -- 2
 555 (1988), DOG 7
 Flowers In the Attic (1987), +1/2, 1
 The Fly (1986), --1/2, 10
 The Fly II (1989), -- 10
 The Fog (1980), -- 2
 Forbidden World (1982), --- 8
 Forced Entry (aka The Last Victim) (1982), 1/2, 2
 The Forest (1983), 1/2, 2
 Forever Evil (1987), -- 8
 Fortress (1985), -- 3
 Freeway (1986), --1/2, 4
 Friday the 13th (1980), --1/2, 7
 Friday the 13th II (1981), +1/2, 4
 Friday the 13th III 3-D (1983), --- 7
 Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter (1984), --1/2, 8
 Friday the 13th V: A New Beginning (1985), -- 5
 Friday the 13th VI: Jason Lives! (1986), -- 5
 Friday the 13th, Part VIII: The New Blood (1988), 1/2, 3
 Frightmare (1982), --1/2, 3
 Fright House (1990), DOG 8
 Fright Night (1985), --- 8
 From Beyond (1986), --- 10
 Frozen Terror (1980), --- 2
 Funeral Home (1980), +1/2, 1
 The Funhouse (1981), --1/2, 6
 The Fury (1978), --- 8
 Futurekill (1984), +1/2, 2
 F/X (1986), --1/2, 3
 Galaxy of Terror (1981), +1/2, 6
 Gallery of Horror (1967), DOG 1
 The Gate (1987), --1/2, 1
 Gates of Hell (1983), --1/2, 10
 Ghost Story (1981), -- 3
 Ghost Town (1988), --- 6
 Ghou! School (1990), + 7
 Ghoules (1984), 1/2, 3
 Girls School Screamers (1985), DOG 2
 Godzilla (1985), + 0
 Goodnight, God Bless (1987), 1/2, 2
 Gourmet Zombie Chef From Hell (1988), DOG 7
 Graduation Day (1981), -- 6
 Graveyard Disturbance (1987), DOG 0
 Great White aka The Last Shark (1981), --1/2, 6
 Gremlins (1984), --- 5
 Halloween (1978), --- 3
 Halloween II (1981), 1/2, 4
 Halloween III: Season of the Witch (1982), --1/2, 5
 Halloween 4: The Return of Michael Myers (1988), -- 3
 Hammer: The Studio That Dripped Blood (1987), --- 1
 The Head (1981), -- 6
 Happy Birthday to Me (1981), --1/2, 7
 Haunted (1976), + 3
 The Heed (1969), -- 3
 Headless Eyes (1971), --1/2, 7
 The Hearse (1980), -- 1
 He Knows You're Alone (1980), --1/2, 2
 Hell Comes To Frogtown (1987), --1/2, 5
 Hell Night (1981), -- 4
 Hellbound: Hellraiser 2 (1988), -- 10
 Hellgate (1989), DOG 2
 Hellraiser (1987), --- 10
 The Helter Skelter Murders (1979), DOG 4
 The Hidden (1987), --1/2, 7
 Hide and Go Shriek (1987), 1/2, 3
 The Hills Have Eyes II (1983), DOG 2
 The Hitcher (1986), --- 8
 Holocaust 2000/The Chosen (1978), -- 3
 Home Sweet Home (1985), 1/2, 2
 Horror House On Highway 5 (1985), + 4
 Horror Planet/Inseminoid (1983), + 7
 Hospital Massacre (1981), 1/2, 2
 House (1986), -- 6
 House By the Cemetery (1984), --1/2, 9
 House By the Edge of the Park (1984), --- 3
 House of Death (1981), 1/2, 4
 House of Exorcism (1975), --1/2, 6
 House of Long Shadows (1983), +1/2, 1
 House On Sorority Row (1983), --1/2, 6
 The House Where Evil Dwells (1982), + 3
 The Housekeeper (1987), -- 2
 The Howling (1981), --- 7
 The Howling II (1985), + 4
 Howling III (1987), 1/2, 3
 Howling 4: The Original Nightmare (1988), -- 4

THEY CAME FROM THE DEAD...
A MONSTROUS, CHILLING TERROR
STALKING THE LIVING...

DAWN OF THE MUMMY



- Human Animals (1984), DOUBLE DOG 1
- Human Beasts/Cannibal Killers (1981), 1/2, 6
- Human Experiments (1980), -- 2
- Humanoids From the Deep (1980), --- 8
- Humongous (1982), 1/2, 4
- The Hunger (1983), --1/2, 4
- Hunter's Blood (1986), --- 7
- I Spilt On Your Corpse (1983), DOG 1
- I Spilt On Your Grave (1980), + 5
- I Was A Teenage Zombie (1986), 1/2, 5
- I Was A Zombie for the FBI (1982), -- 1
- If Looks Could Kill (1988), +1/2, 3
- Igor and the Lunatics (1985), -- 7
- The Imp (1987), + 1
- Impulse (1984), --1/2, 3
- The Incredible Melting Man (1978), --1/2, 8
- Incubus (1983), -- 3
- Industrial Symphony Number One (1988), --- 4
- Inferno (1980), ---1/2, 7
- Intruder (1988), --1/2, 9
- Invaders From Mars (1986), + 2
- Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978), --- 5
- The Island (1980), +1/2, 4
- It's Alive III: Island of the Alive (1988), --1/2, 5
- Jack's Back (1988), --1/2, 3
- Jungle Heat (1984), 1/2, 3
- Jungle Holocaust (1978), --- 7
- Junior: A Cut Above (1984), +1/2, 8
- Just Before Dawn (1982), --1/2, 3
- The Keep (1983), -- 4
- Killer Klowns From Outer Space (1988), --- 2
- Killer Party (1986), + 3
- Killing Spree (1987), -- 8
- The Kindred (1987), --1/2, 8
- King Kong Lives (1986), 1/2, 5
- The Kiss (1988), --1/2, 5
- The Ladies' Club (1985), --- 3
- Lady Beware (1987), --1/2, 0
- Last Horror Film (1983), --1/2, 6
- The Laughing Dead (1988), +1/2, 8
- Leviathan (1989), -- 7
- Lifelorce (1985), --1/2, 7
- The Lift (1985), + 2
- Link (1986), + 2
- Lost Boys (1987), + 5
- Lunchmeat (1987), 1/2, 7
- Mad Ron's Previews From Hell (1987), ---1/2, 7
- Madman (1981), +1/2, 4
- The Majorettes (1987), 1/2, 3
- Making Contact (1985), +1/2, 0
- Manhattan Baby (1985), -- 2
- The Manhunter (1980), + 3
- Maniac (1981), +1/2, 10
- Maniac Cop (1987), --- 5
- The Manitou (1978), -- 7
- Mardi Gras Massacre (1983), 1/2, 7
- Martin (1978), ---- 6
- Masque of Red Death (1989), DOG 4
- Massacre in Dinosaur Valley (1986), -- 6
- Mausoleum (1983), -- 7
- Maximum Overdrive (1986), + 5
- The Meatster (1978), +1/2, 5
- Meet The Feebles (1980), ---- 10
- Midnight (1981), -- 4
- Mindkiller (1988), -- 3
- Mirror of Death (1987), +1/2, 4
- Mondo Trasho (1989), -- 3
- Mongrel (1983), DOG 3
- Monkey Shines (1988), ---1/2, 2
- Monster Dog (1986), DOG 5
- Monster In the Closet (1987), --1/2, 1
- Monster Squad (1987), --- 0
- Mortuary (1983), 1/2, 4
- Motel Hell (1980), --1/2, 5
- Mother's Day (1981), --1/2, 6
- Mountaintop Motel Massacre (1983), --1/2, 5
- Movie House Massacre (1984), DOG 1
- Ms. 45 (1980), ---- 3
- Multiple Maniacs (1970), ---- 6
- Murder By Phone (aka Bells) (1981), --1/2, 4
- Mutator (1988), + 5
- Mutant (1983), + 1
- The Mutilator (aka Fall Break) (1984), -- 7
- My Bloody Valentine (1981), -- 5
- Nail Gun Massacre (1985), + 4
- Naked Vengeance (1985), --1/2, 5
- Natural Enemies (1978), + 0
- Near Dark (1987), --1/2, 6
- Necropolis (1987), +1/2, 7
- Nekromantik (1987), ---- 10
- The Nest (1987), ---1/2, 7
- The Nesting (1980), --1/2, 2
- The New Gladiators (1983), --- 4
- New Year's Evil (1980), --1/2, 4
- The Newlydeads (1987), +1/2, 3

- Next of Kin (1982), -1/2, 3
 Night Life (1989), - 4
 Night of the Bloody Transplant (1975), 1/2, 6
 Night of the Comet (1984), -1/2, 1
 Night of the Creeps (1986), --- 7
 Night of the Demon (1983), --1/2, 7
 Night of the Demons (1988), --1/2, 6
 Night of the Strangler (1981), - 1
 Night of the Zombies (1983), DOG 9
 Night School (1991), - 3
 Night Train To Terror (1985), --- 9
 Night Warning (1982), --- 4
 Nightbeast (1983), 1/2, 5
 Nightflyers (1987), DOG 2
 Nightmare (1981), --1/2, 9
 Nightmare Never Ends (1980), --1/2, 5
 A Nightmare On Elm Street (1984), ---- 10
 Nightmare On Elm Street 2: Freddy's Revenge (1985), - 7
 A Nightmare On Elm Street Part 3: The Dream Warriors (1987), --- 7
 Nightmare On Elm Street 4: The Dream Master (1988), --1/2, 8
 Nightmare Weekend (1985), DOG 1
 Nightmares (1983), - 0
 976-Evil (1988), - 5
 Nomads (1986), - 2
 Normal Nurdelpick's "Suspension" (1973), --- 5
 Oasis of the Zombies (1982), DOG 3
 Of Unknown Origin (1984), --- 3
 The Offspring (1987), --- 8
 One Dark Night (1983), - 2
 Opera (1987), --- 9
 The Oracle (1985), --1/2, 6
 The Outing (1987), - 4
 Panic (1993), - 3
 Parasite (1992), -1/2, 7
 Pet Semetary (1989), --1/2, 6
 Phantasm (1979), - 7
 Phantasm 2 (1998), - 7
 Philadelphia Experiment (1984), -- 1
 Piranha (1979), ---1/2, 6
 Piranha II: The Spawning (1983), --1/2, 7
 The Pit (1981), 1/2, 3
 Plutonium Baby (1987), - 6
 Pottergeist (1982), --1/2, 4
 Pottergeist II (1986), 1/2, 3
 Pottergeist III (1989), - 1
 Possession (1983), - 6
 The Power (1993), - 4
 Pray for Death (1985), --1/2, 9
 The Prey (1990), 1/2, 2
 Prime Evil (1988), -1/2, 5
 Prince of Darkness (1987), --1/2, 5
 Prison (1990), - 6
 Prom Night (1991), --1/2, 5
 Prom Night 2: Hello Mary Lou (1987), --1/2, 7
 The Prowler (1981), - 9
 Psycho II (1983), --- 9
 Psycho III (1986), --- 8
 Psychos In Love (1986), --1/2, 7
 Pumpkinhead (1987), --- 5
 Q (1982), --1/2, 5
 Rana, The Legend of Shadow Lake (1981), - 3
 Rawhead Rex (1987), - 5
 Razorback (1994), --- 6
 Re-Animator (1985), ---- 10
 The Redeemer (1978), - 4
 Redneck Zombies (1987), --1/2, 10
 Rejuvenatrix (1989), --1/2, 7
 Rest in Pieces (1987), 1/2, 3
 Return of the Living Dead (1985), ---1/2, 7
 Return of the Living Dead 2 (1987), DOG 2
 Return of the Zombies (1984), DOG 2
 Return to Horror High (1987), - 5
 Revenge (1986), DOG 2
 Revenge of the Dead (1984), - 3
 Revenge of the Living Dead (1985), - 7
 The Ripper (1999), - 6
 Road Games (1982), --1/2, 1
 Road Warrior (aka Mad Max II) (1982), ---- 5
 Rocktober Blood (1984), - 3
 Scalps (1983), -1/2, 9
 Scanners (1981), --- 7
 Scared Stiff (1986), - 8
 Scared To Death (1980), --1/2, 8
 Schizoid (1990), - 1
 Scream (1982), 1/2, 1
 Screamers (1991), - 5
 The Screaming Dead (1972), - 3
 Secrets of the Phantom Caverns (aka What Waits Below) (1984), - 2
 The Sect (1990), --- 6
 The Sender (1992), --- 4
 The Serpent and the Rainbow (1989), --- 3

It is not what you think it is.

SOCIETY

It is a matter of good breeding. Really.

WILD STREET PICTURES presents a KEITH WALLEY - PAUL WHITE production a BRIAN YULIUS film "SOCIETY"

Starring BRUCE MARLOCK • DEVIN DEVOSQUEZ • EVAN RICHARDS • BEN MEYERSON Special Effects Created by SCREAMING MAD GEORGE

Directed by MARK RYDER and PHIL DAVIES Director of Photography RICK FICHTER Executive Producer PETER BESCHNER Associate of Technical Production DEAN FANSLER

Executive Producer PAUL WHITE • KRIST KASADA • TERRY ODESI Screenplay by WOODY KEITH and RICK FRY

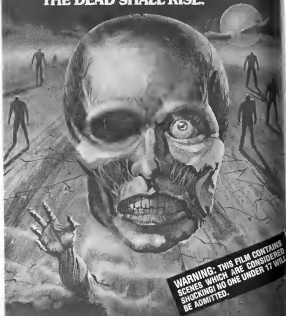
Produced by KEITH WALLEY Screenplay by BRIAN YULIUS

RECORDED IN
ULTRA-STEREO

THE WILD STREET PICTURES



**"WHEN THE MOON TURNS RED
THE DEAD SHALL RISE."**



**WARNING: THIS FILM CONTAINS
SCENES WHICH ARE CONSIDERED
SHOCKING! NO ONE UNDER 17 WILL
BE ADMITTED.**

THE GATES OF HELL HAVE OPENED
BURIAL GROUND

JOHN L. CHAMBLISS & MICHAEL FRANZESE

Present

BURIAL GROUND

Starring KAREN WELL • PETER BARK

Written By PIERO REGNOLI • Directed by ANDREA BIANCHI

Produced by GABRIELE CESANTI

- Seven Doors of Death (aka The Beyond) (1984), --- 10
 The Seventh Sign (1988), = 3
 The Severed Arm (1973), --- 6
 Shadow of Killmanjaro (1886), = 4
 Shallow Grave (1887), --1/2, 3
 The Shining (1980), --1/2, 3
 Shogun Assassin (1981), ---1/2, 10
 Silent Madness (1884), = 5
 Silent Night, Deadly Night (1984), --1/2, 5
 Silent Night, Deadly Night 2 (1987), +1/2, 5
 Silent Scream (1980), = 2
 Silver Bullet (1985), --1/2, 6
 Sometimes Aunt Martha Does Dreadful Things (1970), = 6
 The Slasher (1976), = 6
 Slaughterhouse (1887), --1/2, 6
 Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity (1988), = 1
 Slave of the Cannibal God (1978), = 4
 Sleepaway Camp (1984), = 6
 Sleepaway Camp 2 (1988), = 6
 Slime City (1889), +1/2, 7
 Slipping Into Darkness (1887), = 2
 Slipping Into Darkness (1988), --- 7
 Slugs (1988), --1/2, 8
 Slumber Party Massacre (1982), --1/2, 4
 Slumber Party Massacre 2 (1887), = 8
 Society (1889), --1/2, 5
 Sole Survivor (1984), = 1
 Something Wicked This Way Comes (1883), = 0
 Sorority House Massacre (1986), 1/2, 4
 Spare Parts (1885), = 1
 Spasms (1884), --1/2, 8
 Specters (1887), = 5
 Splatter: Architects of Fear (1986), +1/2, 9
 Splitter University (1884), DOG 5
 Spookies (aka Twisted Souls) (1985), +1/2, 6
 Stage Fright (1983), = 2
 Stage Fright (1987), --- 8
 The Stepfather (1887), ---1/2, 3
 Stephen King's World of Horror (1988), = 2
 Strange Behavior (1981), --- 5
 Strange Invaders (1983), --- 6
 A Stranger Is Watching (1982), --- 3
 Street Trash (1887), --- 10
 Stripped to Kill (1986), --1/2, 3
 Student Bodies (1981), = 0
 The Stuff (1985), = 4
 Succubane (1881/84), = 7
 Sugar Hill (1871), --1/2, 4
 The Supernaturals (1885), = 4
 Superstition (1982), --1/2, 7
 Swamp Thing (1881), = 2
 Sweet Sixteen (1982), DOG 1
 Tanya's Island (1980), --1/2, 2
 Tenement (1985), --1/2, 7
 The Terminator (1884), ---1/2, 5
 Terror In the Aisles (1984), +1/2, 4
 Terror On Tour (1983), = 1
 Terror Train (1980), --1/2, 3
 Terrorvision (1885), DOG 1
 Texas Chainsaw Massacre: A Family Portrait (1988), --1/2, 2
 Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 (1988), --1/2, 8
 They Live (1988), --1/2, 5
 The Thing (1982), --- 10
 Thirst (1979), --- 4
 Thou Shalt Not Kill... Except (1985), --- 8
 Timekeeper (1983), = 3
 The Titan Find (1984), --1/2, 8
 To All A Goodnight (1983), = 4
 Der Todesking/The Death King (1880), = 5
 Too Scared To Scream (1984), = 3
 The Toolbox Murders (1878), +1/2, 4
 Torment (1886), = 1
 Tourist Trap (1978), --1/2, 3
 The Toxic Avenger (1984), ---1/2, 10
 Trance (1977), = 4
 Trick Or Treat (1886), 1/2, 2
 Troll (1986), +1/2, 6
 Troma's War (1888), = 7
 Truth Or Dare (1986), = 8
 Underworld (1985), 1/2, 1
 The Unholy (1988), = 5
 The Uninvited (1887), 1/2, 4
 Unmasked - Part 25 (1889), --1/2, 6
 The Unnameable (1988), DOG 6
 Unsane (1882), ---1/2, 6
 The Unseen (1981), = 3
 Vampire Circus (1971), ---1/2, 5
 Vampire Hookers (1879), = 1
 Vampyre (1980), --1/2, 5
 Venom (1982), +1/2, 2



'til Death Do Us Part

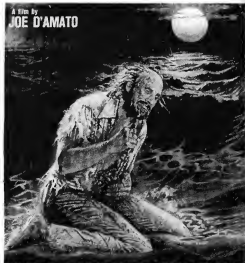
H.P. Lovecraft's
BRIDE OF

Re-Animator



KNB's Bob Kurtzman doin' a dead guy in *Bride Of Re-Animator*

A Film By
JOE D'AMATO



ANTHROPOPHAGOUS

GEORGE EASTMAN - TISA FARRROW - SAVERIO VALLONE - and ZORA KEROVA
Produced by P.G.M. INTERNATIONAL - FILMIRACE ROMA - Directed by JOE D'AMATO - EASTMANCOLOR



The Video Dead (1987), --1/2, 8
 Video Violence: When Renting Is Not
 Enough (1986), DOG 7
 Videodrome (1983), ---- 9
 The Vindicator (1985), --1/2, 5
 Violent Shit (1989), DOG 10
 Visiting Hours (1982), 1/2, 4
 The Visitor (1980), 1/2, 1
 Warning Sign (1985), --1/2, 5
 Warriors of the Wasteland (1983),
 --1/2, 7
 Watcher in the Woods (1980),
 -1/2, 0
 Waxwork (1988), -- 6
 The Weirdo (1987), --1/2, 7
 What Have You Done To Solange?
 (1971), --1/2, 7
 Whispers (1989), - 4
 White Cannibal Queen (1985),
 -1/2, 6

White of the Eye (1988), -- 6
 The Wild Beasts (1983), --1/2, 7
 Windows (1980), - 1
 Witchcraft (1988), -- 4
 Without Warning (1980), - 5
 Wolfen (1981), --- 3
 Women's Prison Massacre (1983),
 -1/2, 6
 Woodchipper Massacre (1989), --
 1
 Xtro (1983), --1/2, 7
 Zombie (1980), --1/2, 10
 Zombie High (1987), DOG 1
 Zombie Island Massacre (1984),
 1/2, 4
 Zombie Nightmare (1987), -1/2, 3
 Zone Troopers (1985), -- 2

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CHAS. BALUN has been searching for the Ultimate Chunkblower since birth. His previous books include HORROR HOLOCAUST and the novel, NINTH AND HELL STREET. He plays guitar way too loud and collects everything that Blue Cheer ever recorded. He lives in Huntington Beach, California, with the love of his life and lots of cats and dogs.

Balun is currently working on his next book, ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE.

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